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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLI No. 1974 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC NOVEMBER 20 1937

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It is more than a hundred years since, at the request of the medical profession, DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA was first produced. Ever since, it has been universally recommended by doctors and nurses, and remains unsurpassed as the safe, sure, and gentle remedy for Acidity, Constipation and digestive troubles. Now DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA is available in Tablets as well as the original Pure Fluid. The tablets are suitable for all adults and children of 5 years and over.

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Why suffer the discomfort of a cold for a minute longer than necessary? Vapex clears the head—relieves stuffiness and eases the breathing. By inhaling Vapex from your handkerchief, you reach every congested part of the nose and throat, destroying the germs and thus removing the infection.
Deep inhaling with Vapex is the logical way to attack a cold—a method that is safe and sure, and which does not contain harmful drugs.

Cold germs are everywhere

You can catch a cold wherever people gather. In train and 'bus, in theatre or cinema, millions of germs are breathed into—*and from*—the air. Then, if you are run down, worried or undernourished, you will catch colds.
Use Vapex as a preventative—a drop on your handkerchief for day long protection.

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Classrooms are notorious for spreading colds. A little Vapex on the handkerchief . . . with instructions to breathe from it occasionally . . . will keep your children free from colds.

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"I used to suffer dreadfully from colds but have not had one for four years, entirely due to using Vapex. I advise all my patients and friends to use it."
—B. S., Burnham-on-Sea.

V171

VAPEX KILLS GERMS

You can feel Vapex doing you good—feel your discomfort slipping away from you. For 21 years Vapex has been clearing colds. All over the world many thousands of people use Vapex at the first sign of a cold. Many thousands more use it regularly to prevent colds.

VAPEX
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DOES NOT CONTAIN ANY DANGEROUS DRUGS

A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF BY DAY AND ON YOUR PILLOW AT NIGHT

It is a sensible precaution to have Vapex handy in the house. Put a bottle in reserve—today—and be ready for prompt action. In its earliest stages a cold is easiest to dispel.

Of all Chemists 2/- & 3/-.

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Men's CHILPRUFE REGD. UNDERWEAR

There are Vests, with short sleeves and button front, several athletic shapes, Pants, several styles in Trunk Drawers, also Combinations and Pyjamas.

When life was leisurely, one had time to indulge in an occasional indisposition. To-day, life moves swiftly; too swiftly to enjoy even the mildest of maladies.

That is why more and more men choose CHILPRUFE underwear. Made from PURE EMPIRE WOOLS of the highest quality, it offers a unique protection in all weathers, in every shape of activity. CHILPRUFE is wholly agreeable to the skin, perfect in fit and finish (every garment is cut by hand) and possesses remarkably long life.

CHILPRUFE will retain its good shape and colour through the hardest conditions of usage. Your first acquaintance will ripen into a lifelong friendship.

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ON SALE NOW

The CHRISTMAS NUMBER *of*

The SPHERE

SOME OF THE CONTENTS:

A SPECIAL SECTION IS DEVOTED TO CHARLES DICKENS, whose name is associated with the idea of Christmas more than any other English writer. The subject of the section is "GREAT EXPECTATIONS." The district of Kent, in which the action of the novel is so largely placed, is fully illustrated and Charles E. Brock contributes a number of delightful illustrations dealing with the adventures of Pip and Estella.

LETTERS FROM FAMOUS MEN AND WOMEN throughout the ages HAS PROVIDED ARTISTS WITH FASCINATING SUBJECT MATTER. The letters have been gleaned from many special sources.

CHILDREN, the heart of the Christmas festival, have a special chapter, the particular theme being little DUTCH MAIDENS as recorded by artists of the Netherlands.

"AN ISLAND MYSTERY," which tells of a stormy sea-girt group in the Southern Seas, is fully illustrated by Montague Dawson.

ROYAL ACADEMY exhibitors contribute to pages dealing with the delicate ART OF FLOWER PAINTING.

And for the historically-minded there is an extraordinary narrative setting forth the career of a SECOND CAPTAIN BLIGH—and another recording the discovery of *Edenton*, famous in the days of 18th-century piracy.

A host of special coloured pictures by notable artists, thrilling stories, poems and a PICTORIAL COMPETITION, fill out a generous number, the whole being enclosed within a cover by George Morrow.

Be sure you get it!

AT HOME

A leaping fire, a glowing pipe . . . and supreme contentment in these Harrods slippers. Few gifts show a keener appreciation of a man's idea of comfort or bring happier realisation of friendly consideration.

Panelled Grecian Slippers. Uppers combined of Morocco and Baby Calfskin leathers, with sewn and turned flexible leather soles and heels. Available in two-tone Brown or Wine, Red / Blue panelling. Sizes and half sizes 6-12. Pair 15/9

Downy soft Lamb's wool gives real warmth and comfort. Flexible sewn and turned leather soles and heels. In rich Red, Blue, Brown, or Black. Sizes 4-12. Pair 16/9

Suede Leather and Lamb's wool at the same price.

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THE MAN'S SHOP

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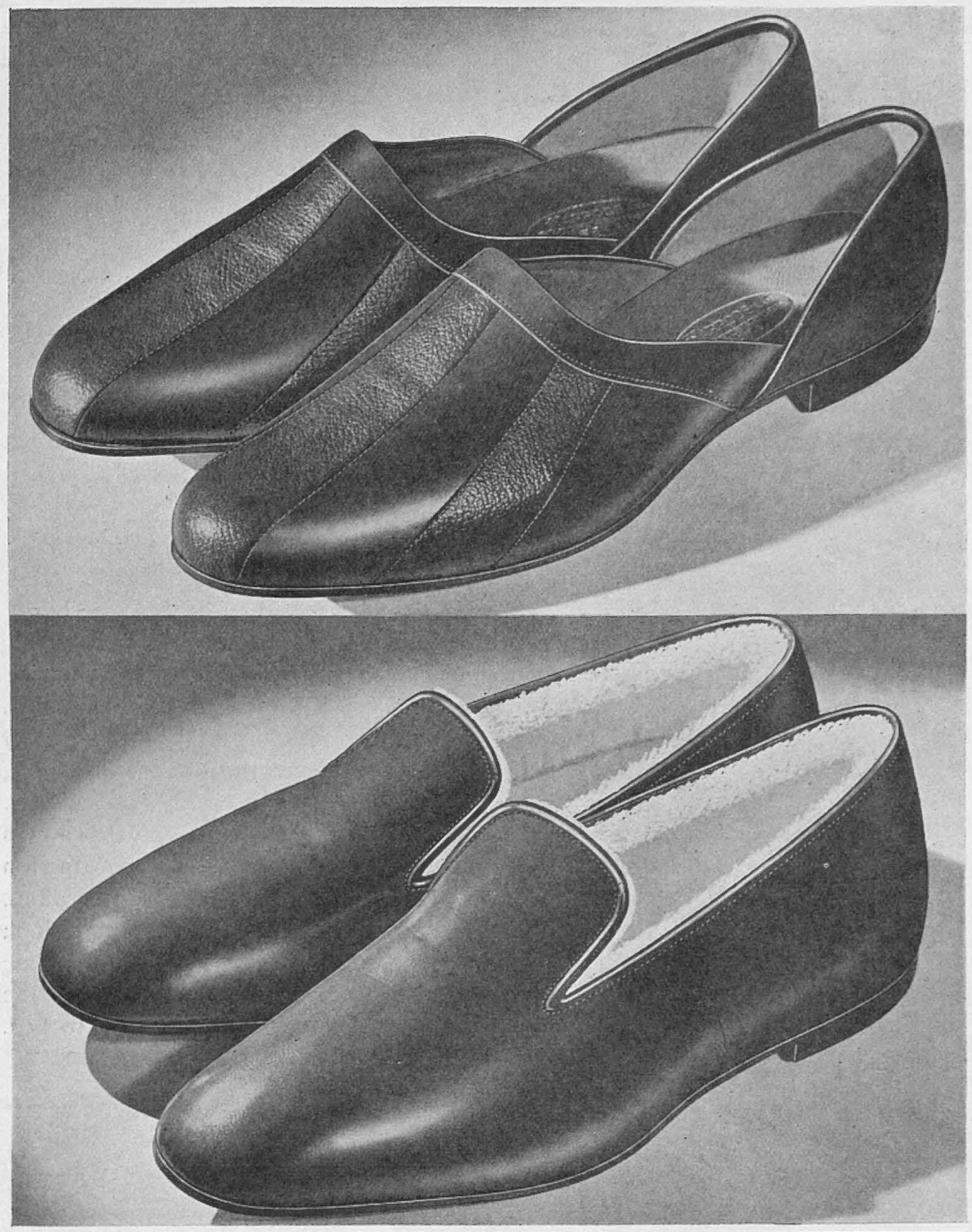

In the Gillow Tradition

In these days of mass-production it is refreshing to remember that Waring & Gillow produce fine hand-made furniture. In our factory at Lancaster we have craftsmen trained in the Gillow tradition and the furniture they make to-day will compare favourably with the best that has been made in the whole history of cabinet making.

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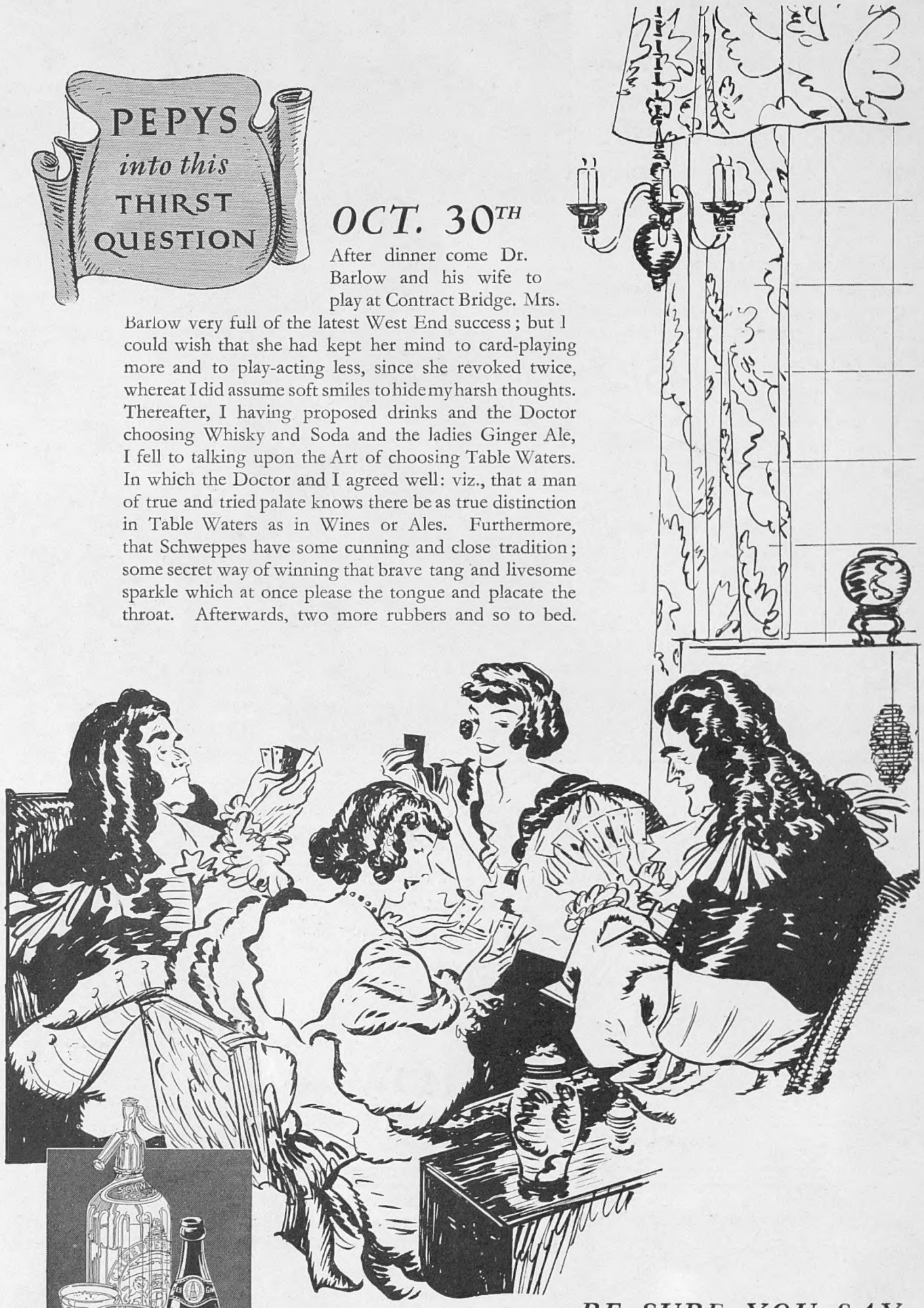
Mahogany Bookcase Cabinet. 2 ft. 2 in. wide, 6 ft. 6 in. high.

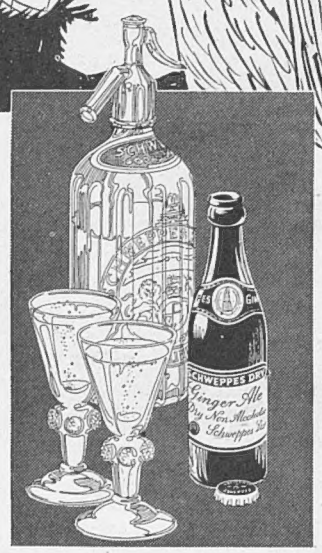
Bookcase in finely figured Mahogany, 3 ft. 8 in. wide, 6 ft. 2 in. high.

Fine Mahogany Writing Table, with shaped front, in the mid-Georgian manner. 5 ft. by 3 ft.

OCT. 30TH

After dinner come Dr. Barlow and his wife to play at Contract Bridge. Mrs. Barlow very full of the latest West End success; but I could wish that she had kept her mind to card-playing more and to play-acting less, since she revoked twice, whereat I did assume soft smiles to hide my harsh thoughts. Thereafter, I having proposed drinks and the Doctor choosing Whisky and Soda and the ladies Ginger Ale, I fell to talking upon the Art of choosing Table Waters. In which the Doctor and I agreed well: viz., that a man of true and tried palate knows there be as true distinction in Table Waters as in Wines or Ales. Furthermore, that Schweppes have some cunning and close tradition; some secret way of winning that brave tang and livesome sparkle which at once please the tongue and placate the throat. Afterwards, two more rubbers and so to bed.





BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, November 20, 1937

King Leopold and His Royal Host

Their Majesties Driving in an Open Carriage from Victoria Station to Buckingham Palace at the Start of the Three Days' State Visit

In order that the old ties of Anglo-Belgian friendship might be drawn still closer and that the opportunity for vital conversations on international affairs should not be missed, King Leopold of the Belgians called a halt to the difficult task of solving the ministerial crisis in his own country and on Tuesday last set out for London on a visit to the King and Queen. His Majesty came in state, but is no stranger, for English from his Etonian schooldays has been as familiar to him as French and Flemish, and his high qualities, so remarkably akin to those of his illustrious father, have endeared him in no small measure to the English people. King Leopold crossed the Channel in the M.V. *Prins Albert*, being escorted for half the journey by a flotilla of British destroyers and greeted on arrival at Dover by the Duke of Gloucester. Later when the train drew in to Victoria, King George was waiting for the Royal visitor and together they drove in an open carriage through the troop-lined streets to Buckingham Palace. On Tuesday evening a state banquet was held, and on Wednesday it was arranged that His Majesty should go to Guildhall to receive an address from the Lord Mayor of London and to lunch with members of the Corporation

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.

REVISITING THE SCENE OF HER YOUTH: The Queen, accompanied by the King and the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, her brother, leaving All Saints' Church, St. Paul's Walden Bury, Hertfordshire, after attending divine service last Sunday morning and unveiling a tablet commemorating the Coronation and also the fact that she was baptised there on September 23, 1900. Their Majesties spent the week-end as the guests of the Hon. David and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon at St. Paul's Walden Bury, the Queen's childhood home, and also included in the house party were Captain and Mrs. Michael Bowes-Lyon, and Lord Dalhousie

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4.
Wednesday, November 17, 1937.

LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM.—

The King of the Belgians made a deep impression in London. No better "advertisement" for monarchy could have been devised than the spectacle of our own King and King Leopold driving together through the streets. They rule over nations bound together by an ancient alliance and have many social and political interests and problems in common; liberal democracies founded on great traditions and peacefully evolved; thickly populated, rich in history and in the treasures of art, and commercially resourceful. These two kings, both in early middle age, have a sense of duty, responsibility, and service highly developed, and each has an invaluable legacy inherited from a great father and king. The ideals of modern kingship are in their blood and in their training. Oddly enough, I first saw King Leopold twenty years ago with the same companion in a royal procession through the streets of a capital. One king was then Duke of Brabant, the other (with no expectation of a crown) Duke of York. It was that golden day in autumn when the Royal Family of Belgium, shortly before the Armistice, rode back to Brussels. Horses had been "scratched up" for them. It was a very informal procession. King Albert and the Queen, the Duke of Brabant, the Count of Flanders, Princess José with a mane of golden hair, and the Duke of York. I can see them now in the sunlit streets, hear still the cheers and sobs of unutterable gratitude and thanksgiving, savour still that unique experience of unity and charity inspiring every heart. Still I can see the allied contingents marching by. The incomparable Frenchmen, the gallant Americans, the British led by Carton de Wiart, Henry Wilson with cigarette, driving informally by at the wheel of a Rolls-Royce, and old Cardinal Mercier, and Burgomaster Max waiting for them outside the Chamber. All was golden, all was peace. The millennium lay ahead. It is well perhaps that man cannot see beyond the end of his nose.

BASQUE REFUGEE CHILDREN RETURN TO SPAIN: Members of the party of 160 of the 4,000 youngsters who have been given asylum in this country during the past few months pictured at Victoria Station as they set out for their homeland again last week travelling on the Dieppe route. They are all going to Bilbao which is in General Franco's hands and where life is now running on more or less normal lines

GUILDHALL REVIEW.—

The Premier's Guildhall review is as familiar a hardy annual as the Lord Mayor's traffic block. Neither as a rule bites very deeply into historical fact. It seemed to me that Mr. Chamberlain was more meaty than is usual. His carefully chosen phrases skated over the whole frozen surface of the pond and revealed as usual where the ice was thinnest. It is thinnest over the axis Rome-Berlin, but clearly, the Dictators did not consider that his tread there was contemptuously light. On the contrary. But Mr. Chamberlain *did* make very clear that Britain appreciates the importance of Anglo-American co-operation and seeks by all means to encourage Mr. Roosevelt to implement his brave words recently spoken at Chicago. That is good and important hearing. That part of his speech which referred to Peace or War? and to the distant prospect of civilisation enjoying the blessings of peace and culture, was in the Guildhall tradition of oratorical horticulture. But the Premier, if he was careful, was not lacking in firmness, dignity, nor optimism, all qualities befitting the hour and the place. His speech was a model of its kind.

REMEMBERING THE DEAD.—

It is probably true that the most beautiful gems of poetry and prose in our language have been laid in the grave with our dead. No other theme—not even love, nor the spring—has inspired men to such heights of imagination as has the cold hand of death. To that we owe *Adonais*, *The Elegy*, *In Memoriam*, *For the Fallen*, and the first fifty of the loveliest passages in the Bible and the noblest of the Psalms and of our hymnal. Many of these gems beautified the second part of the programme in the British Legion's Albert Hall Festival, which the King and Queen and Queen Mary attended. That annual Festival, grave and gay, is dear to the hearts not only of ex-service men but of the nation, and very typical of our national character. Sentimentality is the keynote of both sections of the Festival and of the British character. The most popular airs of the old music halls (and of the new) relied and still rely on sentimentality, and tears and laughter are ever next-door neighbours. Time was when I wondered if the two minutes silence would survive for two decades after the first Armistice. Now I realise that for another decade at least, only a lunatic would dare to interrupt a ceremony which is a part of British social life and very dear to the heart of our race.

WINTER COMES TO SCOTLAND: Snow now crowns the heights of the Cairnivell, near Braemar, Aberdeenshire, where the first fall of the season occurred a few days ago

RAMSAY MACDONALD.—

Biographies and appreciations of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Premier in three British administrations, have long since been published and read. How thankful Lord Baldwin must be that he made that generous tribute to him while yet he lived, and how much it is to be hoped that Mr. MacDonald heard on the wireless the heads of that appreciation. He was born in the greatest poverty at Lossiemouth but he gained the fullest value from the blessings of the free and fine education of Scotland. He

rose from his small beginnings from the start and soon earned money by his pen. Like other famous Socialists, he was a product of the Fabians and followed Keir Hardie. He was virtual creator of the Labour Party, yet, though he made his mark in the House from the first, he was still an "unknown man" outside his party and the House of Commons, when after the election of '23 he became Premier and Foreign Secretary. He was regarded as a man who, having made a sad mess of honest convictions during the war—he was for neutrality—had half redeemed his fame as Leader of the Opposition. His majority faded out in the red glare of the Zinoviev letter and it was a surprising and late and courageous recovery that brought him back to power in '29, and a still greater miracle followed when the National Government, which replaced the second Labour Government, came in under *his* leadership. He carried on till 1935 when he handed over to Mr. Baldwin, and those years took heavy toll of his health reserves. The bitter hatred of the Labour Party in opposition never relented and, as his health declined, the National Party began to fret for new leadership. In the General Election of that year Seaham threw him out and his enemies rejoiced. A new seat was found for him and in what remained of his public career he loyally supported and helped Mr. Baldwin, often silently, always selflessly. No Premier in English history ever made

so spectacular a rise from lowly origins. He turned himself from nothing into a scholar, he was well versed in history, he had a love for and knowledge of good literature. Two things in his life bestrewed his path with grievous obstacles—his attitude to the war—which was quite as sincere as Dick Sheppard's or Lord Ponsonby's—and his adherence to National Government. For these things he was suspect to an important minority of the nation, composed of supporters of the Labour Opposition in bulk and very many supporters of National Government. But for those things, he had gone down to history a greater Premier than to-day he is assessed. He killed himself at least in the service of his country, as nowadays so many leaders of their States must do. But his private life was serene and ideally happy while his married life lasted, and afterwards he enjoyed the consolations of a devoted family. Public life treated him roughly enough. In private life he knew the sweets of admiration and love, and he enjoyed a flattery which was by no means undeserved. He was indeed prouder of his own rise from obscurity than certain petty men have been of their illustrious descent. He bravely fought for his convictions which were sincerely based.

THE GORDON INHERITANCE.—Nothing now remains, save lovely Glenfiddich, of the Gordon inheritance which came to the 5th Duke of Richmond through his mother, the heiress of the last Duke of Gordon. Once the Gordon estates stretched across the heart of the Highlands almost from sea to sea, from Fochabers and Banff across to Kingussie and the Western Hills. The Richmonds owned a great chunk which the pressure of death duties has made untenable. A smaller sale was effected a year or two back, 10,000 acres or so. Now 140 square miles of country have gone in one fell swoop. And the Crown is the new owner. It is very significant and opens up several interesting lines of thought. The Crown proposes to "leave things as they are". It is not a mere purchase for the doubtful experiment of afforestation. It is an investment, affirming a growing belief in the soundness of British real estate as such. It is in a word's worth nothing less than foreclosure by a mortgagee, by choice as much as by necessity. Not that the Castle is an easy source of income. Only a very rich man could live in a house where the kitchens are hundreds of yards from the dining room. And though Fochabers, Garmouth and Spey Bay and even Tomintoul, are growing settlements, the gross rentals of £50,000 a year leave no very certain surplus when all's done. The lettings, too, have a new note of interrogation after this last disastrous season. The tick flourishes in Banff and the tick is the newest plague of the Highlands. Rents of shootings are bound to fall in 1938. The land sold amounts to 90,000 acres and includes fine farming land and 450 farms; several miles of the Spey, including netting rights and some famous spring and autumn beats; one at least tip-top moor in Strathavon and two or three lesser moors and forests; and the townships aforesaid. Yet the purchase price, large as it is as a figure, works out at no more than £7 an acre, town site, farmland and forest, all in. That also is an interesting fact. The Crown will have a testing experience at first of what it feels like to be a Highland landlord on a large scale. And then, the ultimate intentions? An experiment in Socialism's land policy? Nature reserves, hiking areas, health centres? Not a doubt but the new landlord's policy and practice will be watched in Morayshire and in Britain (not least by landlords) with great interest. But regret will be felt first.

"SUNDAY TIMES" BOOK SHOW.—The *S.T.* book fair (or exhibition) seems to have been always with us, yet it is comparatively a new institution which I think I have attended each year. Once there were no book fairs and few aids to the popularising and selling of books. Books were written—often at needless length on dull subjects—and just *sold*. There were few in the business. Instead of 15,000 new books a year there were perhaps 3,000. The conventional *bought* dull, two-volume biographies of dead statesmen (of the second grade), and Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Miss Mary Cholmondeley dropped their mild bombs and sold several editions of every novel they wrote. It was easy stuff for a writer of very moderate competence then. Now it is a dog-fight for writer, publisher, bookseller. To-day, when everybody is a reader (of something), every other body is a writer of something, and literature covers every field of human action and thought. In the busy, roaring, seething book-mart shy genius may be stamped underfoot. Only the huckster on an upturned soapbox can get his voice heard and his boost "across." So we have book societies to tell us what is worth troubling to read, and wrappers to give the author space to sing the praises of his book (and give away the plot for those who have time to talk but none to read); and book-shows for the display of authors who have succeeded, and of their best-sellers. Now is the opportunity to hear Mr. Guedalla tell how biography *can* pay a dividend; and Beverley Nichols to give away the secrets of shrewd publicity; and Dr. Cronin to show that sometimes there is more money in debunking medicine than in practising it. Come to the fair. Help to support that half of the adult population which writes books—by teaching the other half to read them.

THE OLD STAGER

THE YOUNG EARL HAIG'S TRIBUTE TO HIS FATHER: The present holder of the title, who will be twenty years old next March, placing a wreath of poppies on the newly unveiled statue of Britain's war-time commander. Referring to the controversy regarding the sculpture Earl Haig has said: "Whatever may be the technical faults of the horse, it is at the rider that one looks, and that is as it should be. The whole gives one a very vivid impression of strength and calm, and it fits in well with its surroundings. It is something more than a photograph, it is a symbol. This figure has originality, and as such is bound to be criticised, but even though some people may have strong feelings about it, we must agree that the country has paid my father a fine tribute, of which his family is proud"

SUBJECT OF HEATED CONTROVERSY: A close-up of the Earl Haig equestrian statue which was unveiled in Whitehall last week and continues to be widely discussed from an artistic point of view. The horse is clearly stylised, as witness the semi-circular arching of the neck and the flexing back of the head so that it is tucked into the chest in a manner that has no relation to probability while, on the other hand, parts of the figure are treated with the utmost realism, being almost photographic in treatment. Critics have also referred to the appearance of the horse's muscles

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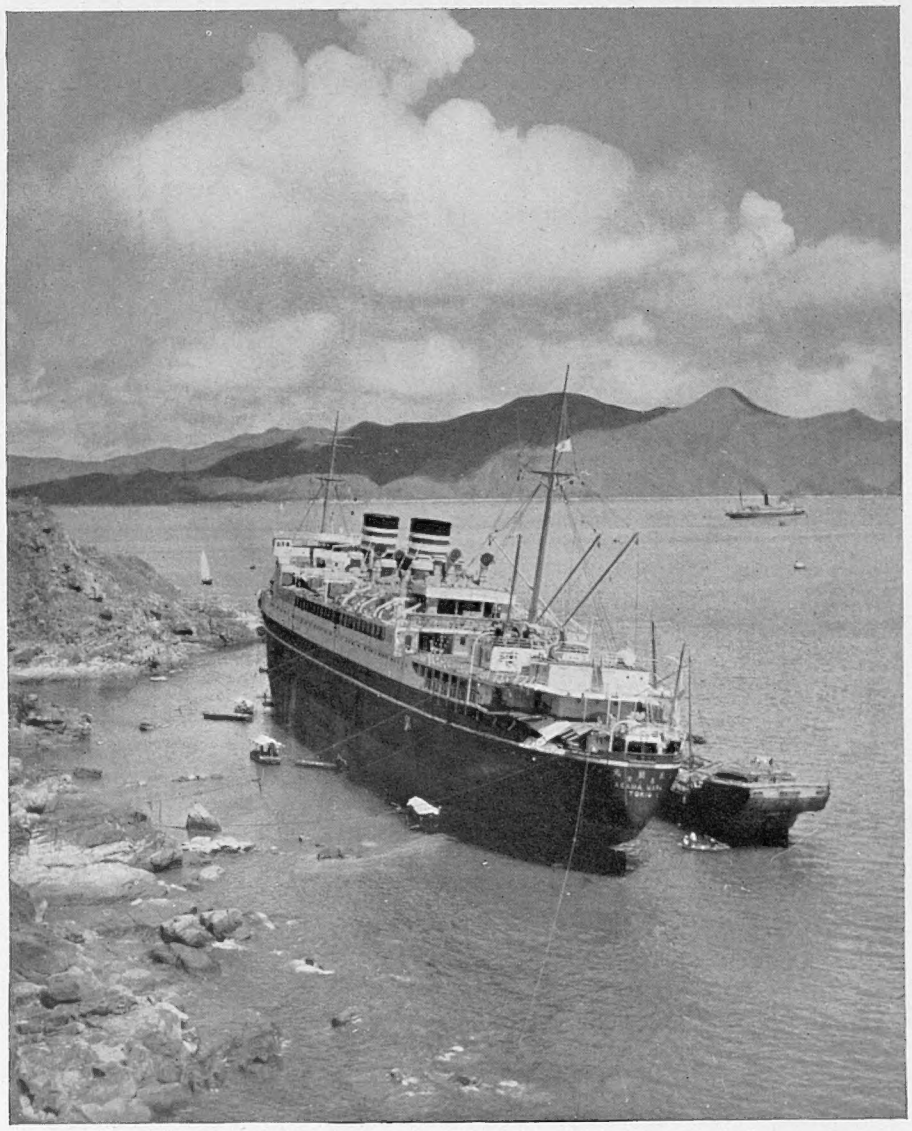
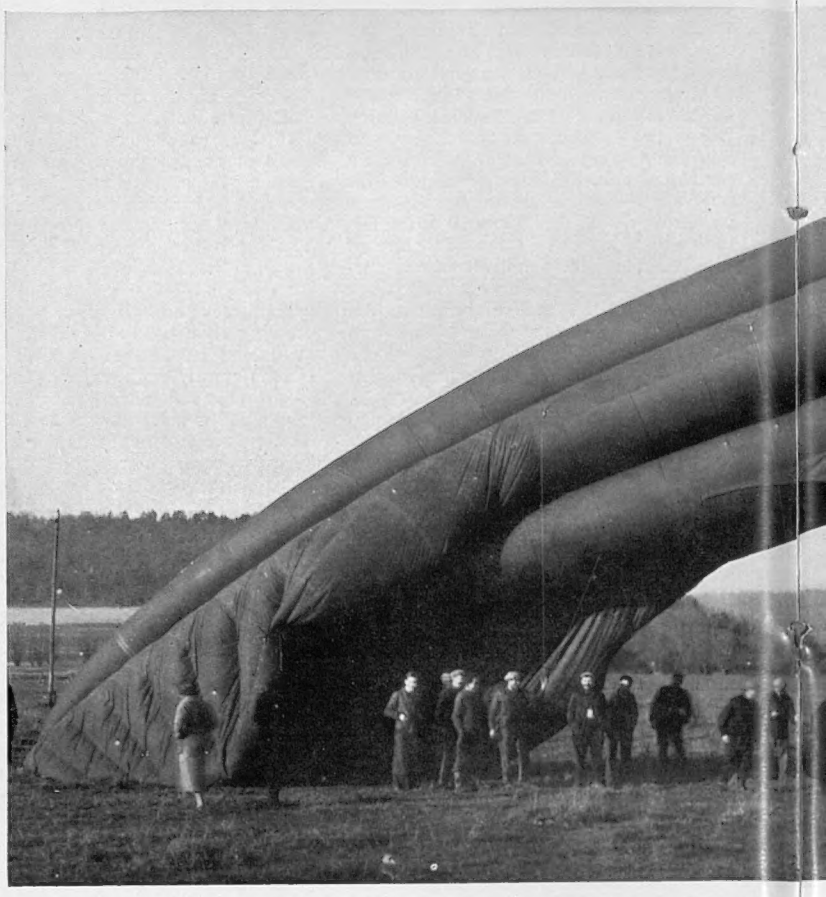


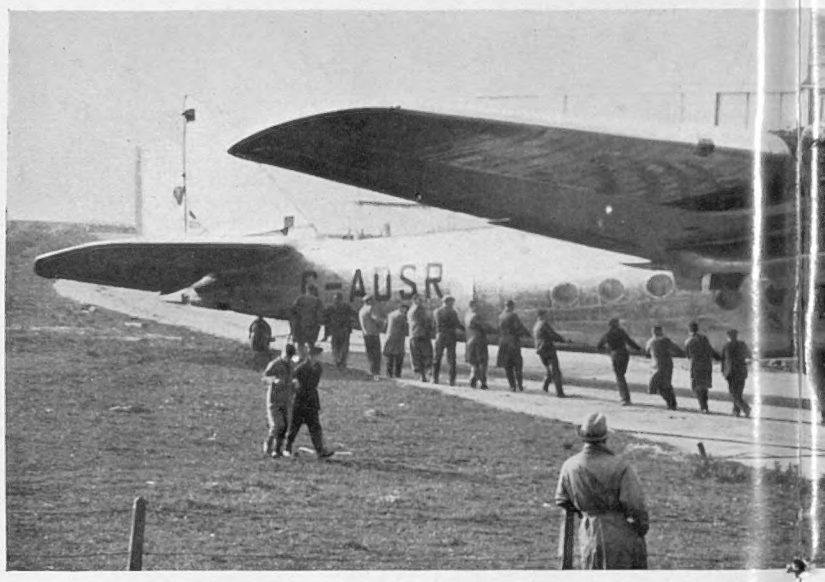
HOPE FOR A STRANDED JAPANESE LINER: It is nearly three months since the 16,000-ton *Asama Maru* went aground at this point in Sywan Bay, Hong Kong, a victim of the big September typhoon, but her owners still believe that she will not become a total loss and a final effort to refloat her is to be made during the spring tides next March. In the meanwhile the engines are being removed to lighten the vessel, and the surrounding rocks broken up

SONGSTERS MEET: Sir Henry Norbury, Sir Samuel Gluckstein, and Sir Hugh Allen, Director of the Royal College of Music, seated together at the annual dinner of the National Federation of Cathedral Old Choristers' Associations, held last Saturday at Thames House, and attended by 350 old choristers representing twenty-one cathedrals, and 100 other guests

ROBED NOTABILITIES: Sir Josiah Stamp, Chairman of the London, Midland, and Scottish Railway, and Sir Walford Davies, Master of the King's Music, were also guests at the annual dinner of the Old Choristers' Associations, an organisation now celebrating its silver jubilee

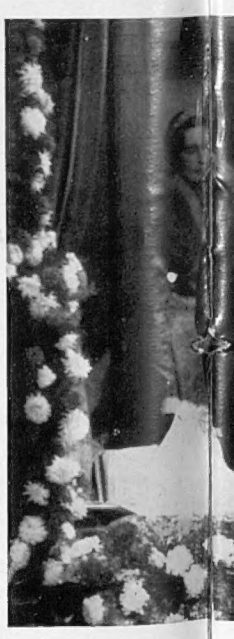


END OF THE LONG, LONG TRAIL: When this British observation (sausage) balloon, which had broken loose from the R.A.F. station at Manton, Kent, finally came to rest in the Haute Marne Department, France, it had certainly created its share of havoc. Throughout the journey it had trailed behind it 3,000 yards of steel cabling, and on reaching the Continent behaved



NEW MONSTER PASSENGER PLANE: This is the first of the twelve giant machines now being completed for Imperial Airways at Hamble and designed for use on the overland route to India. It has accommodation for over

SPECIAL PROGRAMMES FOR THE KING AND QUEEN were provided at last Monday night's Royal Command Variety Performance at the London Palladium. They had silk covers bearing the royal monograms and each was attached to a baton surmounted by a crown

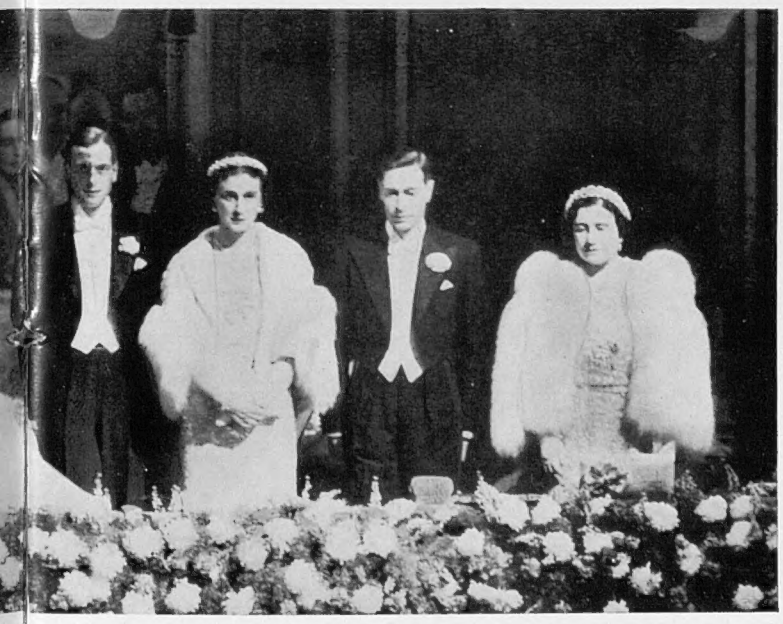


LAST MONDAY'S Duke and Duchess during the singing the present reign, light theatre in all

WORLD: Current Events at Home and Abroad

in a disturbing fashion, cutting in two an electric power cable and as a result plunging the towns of Calais, Boulogne, St. Omer, and Bethune into total darkness for several hours. Factories and newspaper presses ceased working, trams were stranded in inconvenient suburbs, and a huge spark set fire to a house at Audruicq. Two aeroplanes and a number of cars were narrowly missed

forty people, has a cruising speed of round about 180 m.p.h., and is powered with four radial air-cooled Tiger engines, each developing 880 h.p. at the take off. India will be reached in just over two days



ROYAL COMMAND VARIETY PERFORMANCE: The King and Queen and the of Kent standing in the flower-bedecked Royal Box at the London Palladium of the National Anthem. It was their first visit to a show of this kind during and they received a tremendous welcome from an audience representative of the its forms. Over £6,300 was raised for the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund

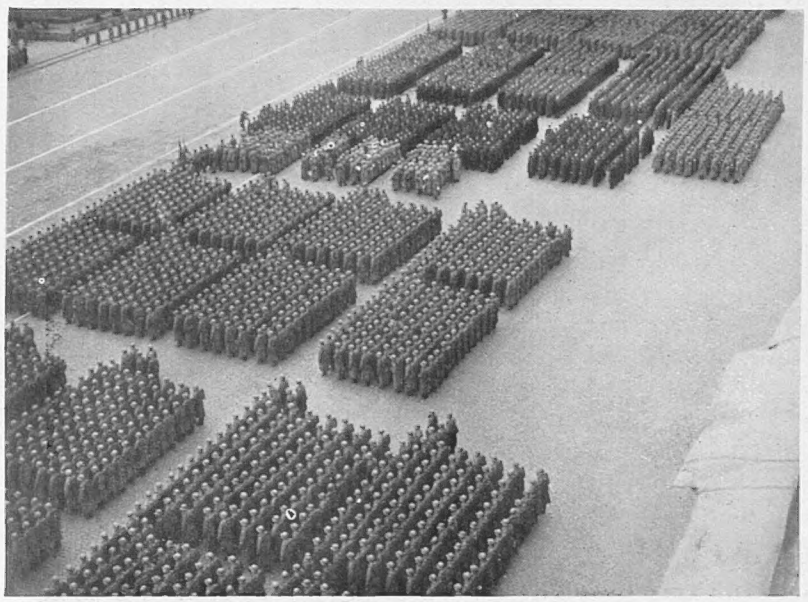
TO THE CAPE IN TWO DAYS: Flying-Officer A. E. Clouston and his co-pilot, Mrs. Betty Kirby-Green, bidding good-bye to mechanics as they took off from Gravesend Aerodrome for Croydon preparatory to setting out on their successful bid to beat Miss Amy Johnson's time of 3 days 6 hrs. for the flight to Cape Town. They made a magnificent start, arriving at Cairo in 11 hrs. and reached their destination in 45 hrs. Their Comet-monoplane won the Melbourne race in 1934

"LITTLE EVA" BEGINS HER REIGN: Lord Ashfield, Chairman of the L.P.T.B., Sir Philip Game, Commissioner of Police, and Lord Jessel who are seen standing in the foreground towards the left, watching the first moments of the operation of Piccadilly Circus' new and elaborate system of traffic lights which had just been inaugurated by Mr. Leslie Burgin, the Minister of Transport. "Little Eva", as she is called, deals with the traffic of 9 streets in the vicinity of the Circus

RUSSIA'S ARMY ON THE RED SQUARE

Moscow Celebrates the 20th Anniversary of the Revolution

SOVIET GREY CAVALRY parading on the Red Square, Moscow, on the twentieth anniversary of the Russian Revolution, which was marked by the usual display of military might and the usual speeches common to such occasions in the Soviet capital. Marshal Vorisholov was particularly vehement in his references to Fascism, but at the same time he strongly affirmed the country's will to peace



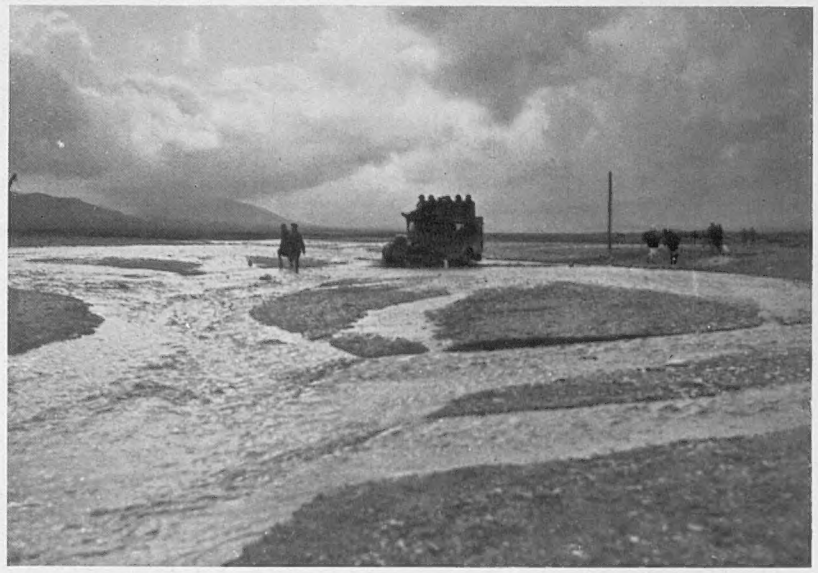
RUSSIA'S SERRIED RANKS: Just a few of the many thousands of Soviet infantrymen who paraded on the Red Square on anniversary day and were reviewed by Marshal Vorisholov, the Commissar for Defence. Afterwards 1,000,000 Moscow workers followed in disciplined columns on the heels of the soldiery, carrying banners emblazoned with slogans and portraits of M. Stalin and other leaders

LISTENING TO THEIR LEADER: Infantrymen pictured as Marshal Vorisholov made his speech on the Red Square

STALIN AND VORISHOLOV LOOK ON: The Dictator and the Defence Commissar watching the Moscow parade from Lenin's tomb. *On left*—Marshal Vorisholov, now one of the outstanding figures in the Union, riding out to conduct the review prior to the march past

FATAL FLOODS IN SOUTHERN SYRIA

Some Four Thousand Square Miles of Territory Inundated



WHERE A VILLAGE ONCE STOOD: The scene of desolation after the main flood, which recently devastated 4,000 sq. miles of country to the north-west of Damascus, had passed over the settlement of Muaddamiye, carrying everything before it. The catastrophe was occasioned by unusually heavy autumn rains and occurred with such dramatic suddenness there was no time to strengthen the defences

OVER 4,000 square miles of territory in the Anti-Lebanon region of Southern Syria, in the vicinity of Damascus, have been devastated by terrific floods which swept the country on the night of Thursday, October 27, and the two following days. Nothing like it has been known in living memory. The terrible spate, like a series of tidal waves, completely wiped out four villages and partially destroyed dozens of others. Over 1,500 bodies have been recovered so far, but the full death roll is still not yet known. Some 50,000 are homeless.

AFTERMATH: A local sanitary inspector giving first aid to a child that had been rescued from the debris after the flood had passed through a Syrian village. The walls of a wrecked building can just be discerned in the background

Almost unbelievable reports of the flood are recorded. At the village of Adinieh in a valley, three torrents sweeping from different directions met, one of them a mile and a quarter wide and in some places over 30 ft. deep. Houses, human beings, and animals were carried away in the twinkling of an eye. So powerful was the current that bodies of men and animals and even large rocks have been found as far as 18 miles distant from where they were carried off. The road from Damascus to Aleppo has been completely submerged and the surrounding landscape so altered that some 10 miles of new road will have to be laid down over an entirely new course.

The unexpectedness and horror of the flood are typified by the story of the man in a certain village who spent the Friday with a friend in another village 12 miles distant, returning home at nightfall. Next morning he saw his friend's body floating down the flood-stream in the valley below his home.

Faced with this sudden emergency, the Syrian Government found itself helpless, and but for the prompt and effective action of the French authorities, under the personal supervision of the High Commissioner, the shocking tragedy might have been even worse. French troops threw themselves into the forefront of the rescue work, saving lives and property where they could, and succouring the wounded.

MANY WERE BURIED BENEATH THIS WRECKAGE as the relentless floodwaters poured across the semi-arid lands of South Syria destroying everything that lay in its path. The disaster occurred at dead of night and this circumstance naturally increased the death role. At least 50,000 people are now homeless

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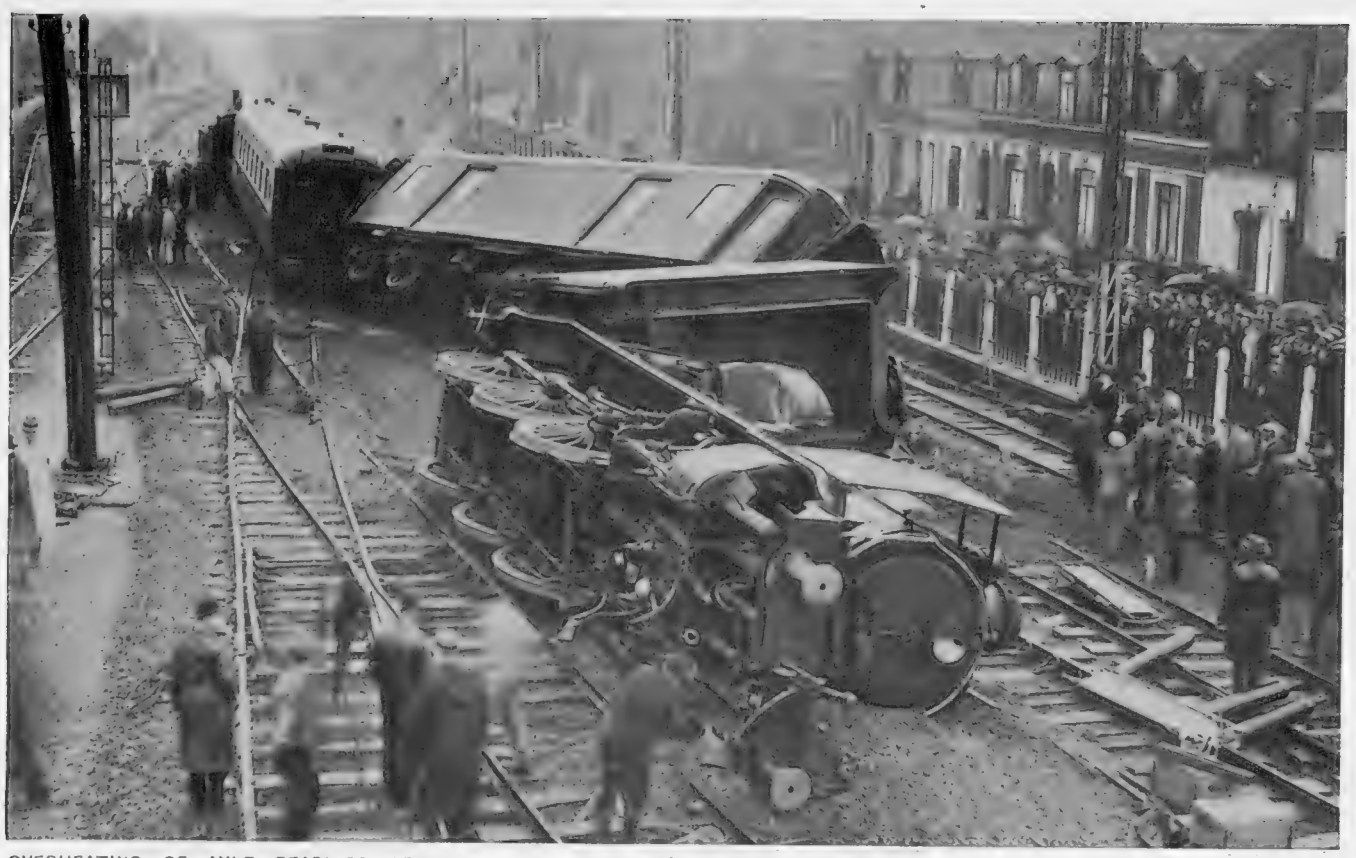


OVERHEATING OF AXLE BEARINGS OF THE LEADING BOGIE was the cause of this accident to the Brussels-Calais express, the engine, tender, and one coach of which overturned, resulting in the death of the driver and fireman but injuring none of the passengers. The familiar "zig-zag" or "starred" position of the overturned rolling stock was occasioned by the rear end of the train exerting an immense pressure against the arrested front part. The bogie is not seen in the picture, but the central pivot to which it was attached is clearly visible. It is easy to understand how when the front axle failed the engine pitched forward and toppled over

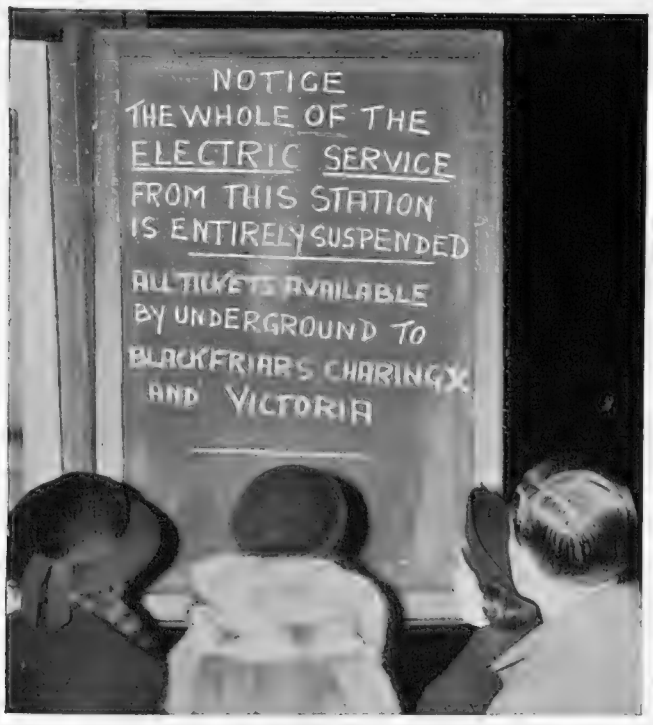
CHAPTER *of* ACCIDENTS

Rail Crashes in England, Belgium, and the U.S.: The Transformer Explosion at East Ham

Accidents, particularly rail accidents, seem to come in waves, and just lately there has been rather a crop of them, three being depicted on this page. The Belgian crash, though not marked by heavy casualties, demands particular attention in view of the fact that it is comparatively seldom that a disaster occurs through the failure of some part of the engine. In this instance it was the overheating of an axle. In the Southern Railway accident last week no one was injured, but thousands were very seriously inconvenienced owing to the time required in order to clear the track

NINE WERE KILLED AND NINETEEN INJURED when this streamlined train on the Rock Island system struck a school bus near Mason City, Iowa. These modern American expresses move so quietly and at such speed that it is a matter for wonderment there are not many more accidents at the level crossings

EAST HAM POWER STATION MISHAP: While firemen were dealing with some burning oil this transformer suddenly exploded. The resultant failure of the electricity supply held up tramcars and trolley-buses in the district for about half-an-hour and there was considerable traffic congestion, the lights at road junctions being, of course, affected. It will take several weeks to repair the damage done and in the meantime consumers are being supplied from the neighbouring West Ham station



BIG SOUTHERN RAILWAY HOLD-UP: Homeward-bound City workers reading a notice posted at Cannon Street to the effect that the whole of the service from that station was suspended—a result of the collision that had taken place near Spa Road, Bermondsey, in the early hours of the same day between a goods train and an empty passenger train, several wagons being derailed as depicted above. Breakdown gangs worked throughout the morning and afternoon to clear the track for the evening rush-hour, but when it was realised this was not likely the public was requested wherever possible to find alternative routes home

b

FRANCE NEEDS HER FOREIGNERS

An Example of the Dictum That Race Does Not Make The Nation

"Les Etrangers" Now Number Between Two and Three Millions

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THAT race does not make the nation was eloquently put by Renan when he assigned to the latter, not anthropological limits, but the value of a soul, of a spiritual principle—the possession in common of a rich legacy of memories; contemporary consent, the desire to live together, the will to go on profiting from the heritage indivisibly received.

"An heroic past, great men, true glory—such is the social capital upon which rests a national idea. To have common glories in the past, a common will in the present; to have done great things together, to wish to do more—such are the essential conditions in order to be a people."

France has for centuries been the living example of this. Greeks, Romans, Moors, Saracens, Northmen provided the earliest alien infiltration which became relatively massive and systematic with Charlemagne who chiefly distributed land to Spaniards on the understanding that they fructified it and responded to any call to arms that might be made. Later, Italians introduced the glass and silk industries by invitation of the King of France, as responded the Dutch, concentrating on drapery and clothing. All could become naturalised after five years, and this planned immigration continued into the seventeenth century. For his historic shipbuilding programme, Colbert drew heavily on Holland, so much so, that under Louis XVI France numbered not fewer than 200,000 Dutch alone.

"The fundamental fact of the formation of France," writes Paul Valéry, "has been the presence and the mixture on her territory of a striking quantity of different ethnological elements. France has found her singular individuality in the complex phenomenon of inward exchanges, of individual alliances produced by so many different bloods and complexions."

After the Revolution, and in the early nineteenth century, immigration into France ceased. Even despite the human hecatomb resulting from the *Grande Epopée*, France was by a good way the most populated of European countries—I think she numbered 15,000,000—as she had also become the most advanced industrially. As last century advanced, however, a steadily falling birth-rate indicated to statesmen that the alien must once again be allowed to throng in; since when the process has only gained in volume, enormously so following the loss of 1,300,000 dead in the world war, and a quarter as many badly maimed.

To-day France legally counts 2,500,000 foreigners (this round figure includes the recent Spanish inflow), which is a falling off of 437,000 since the 1931 census taken at the height of prosperity. These foreigners—who have nothing at all to do with tourists or even with people like myself who visit France frequently throughout the year but never stay as long as two months at any one time—are chiefly divided as shown in the table reproduced on this page.

I believe there are some 40,000 (North) Americans, while the German total has been sensibly augmented by the granting, by special decree, of right of circulation to 57,000 refugees from Hitlerism.

Note the qualification "France *legally* counts," for the astonishing admission has latterly been made in official quarters that there are at least 80,000 "unknown" in the country, chiefly in towns and cities. *Inconnu!* How the term has caught on, in France, ever since the suggestion that the Boulevard des Italiens be re-named the Boulevard des Inconnus! A suggestion by the way, which was cabled to Scandinavia as being "a serious movement"! But this is by the way. Unofficial sources place the number of "unknown" at twice and even thrice the official guess. Whoever is nearest, the matter brings me down to how I propose to treat this article. In two clearcut compartments:—Undesirables. And the value that foreigners are to France.

From time to time, as when a President Doumer is murdered by a maniacal White Russian, a good deal of the French Press is apt to get on its hind legs and clamour against *les étrangers* in general; muddled and misplaced performance that has perhaps made more critics of France than she knows. Such an outcry recurred thrice this autumn. When agents operating for an "unknown" foreign Power blew up a couple of patronal headquarters in the Champs-Elysées quarter, hoping the act would be visited on the Reds, thereby stirring up fresh social trouble in the French capital and furthering the "anti-communist" crusade. When the Commandant of Irun, one Troncoso, treated the French frontier officials as if they were dirt. And when the White Russian General Miller was spirited away, "*en plein Paris*" and at midday, at that.

THE WHITE RUSSIAN ELEMENT IN PARIS: Exiles from the U.S.S.R. engaged in building work

White or other Russians are henceforth, it is understood, to be allowed to spirit one another whither they will, if so minded, but the Troncoso raid on the Brest submarine was a trifle too much, following so swiftly on the Elysian bombs, and M. Chautemps announced the impending introduction of a statute for resident foreigners who would also have to submit to having their fingerprints on their identity papers, and be prepared to be judged by a Special Tribunal such as prevailed in the extraordinary war years. None of which projects is likely to be heard of again: merely an immediate rush of blood to the Gallic head. Which is far from saying that something ought not to be done about "unknowns" and undesirables among the alien population of France which stills clings to an Aliens Act of 1849 when the total foreign element *may* have numbered 500,000. And could only get about by the Lyons mail and such-like.

In coping with foreigners, in France, two protective requisites are ever-present. Not to allow them to crowd out native French from employment. And to see that they do not join the criminal or actively "anti-social" ranks. The Republic has demonstrated that it is fully capable of watching over the first, if and when so minded. A case in point: most of the 437,000 to leave during the recent depression were weeded out and "invited" to go, sometimes in tragic enough conditions seeing that not a few had come at France's invitation to help her reconstruct after 1918.

It is over requisite number two that France falls down.

greatly to blame for showing chronic slackness in the matter of controlling and ejecting alien miscreants, as other nations find small difficulty in doing. Indeed, "slackness" is not the word. How, for instance, can one attribute exclusively to slackness the fact of nearly 100,000 aliens, against whom expulsion orders have been made, continuing to live on in the country that has shown them the door.

Such orders are of two kinds. *Refoulement*, meaning "you mayn't park here." And *expulsion*, meaning "if you come back or are found again anywhere here, you're for clink for anything up to two years." Yet the shading is incidental. The crucial fact obtrudes that there is much police and bureaucratic venality or peculiar favouritism at work and that it is no use periodically strafing the *étrangers* or this and that foreign country because its nationals are found in the spotlight of French crime. Such miscreants nine times out of ten would also be found on the list of "known to the police," if not among the *expulsés* themselves. They have managed so to wangle things as to remain on—obscurely—in the Republic.

The other day, in Paris, I went into the whole of this as regards previously published matter and in talks with people on the job. The authorities' defence boils down to a farcical problem of *crédits*. They say they haven't enough funds (£6,000 a year) to take expelled ones to the frontier so they take them to a local terminal instead. And they add that even when they do take the few to the frontier, the Belgians or Swiss or Germans or ourselves won't accept the deported ones at any price. The obvious answer to which is, give the expelled ones a through ticket to their own countries.

The chances are that frontier States then *would* let the *expulsés* on their way, provided the system were worked under proper reciprocal control. Moreover, the State to whom the expelled one belonged would *have* to take him or her in, provided the arrival had a valid passport, the only exception being in the case of Stateless ones such as those denationalised by the Nazis. Yet not many of these have turned to crime, being mainly intellectuals and Jews, I inquired.

As things stand, apparently only one in every ten *expulsés* leaves French territory; and when the nine remaining are subsequently and recurrently laid by the heels, all they "collect" is a few days in prison. And then to a local terminal once more. *Et puis ça recommence.* They go a station or two along the line and return to Paris-ma-grande-ville, or to Marseilles, or what have you.

If I have dwelt more on the undesirable aspect than upon the happier general one, under which not fewer than 1,300,000 foreigners are holders of governmental labour permits, that is, are duly vetted necessary members of society, it is because in the present tense days, when occult war-waging novelties might reasonably be expected to mature at any time, this toying with alien bad men (and many fewer women) could develop into a very grave matter indeed for France which has already had a dozen major sabotage or terrorist outrages since May (one arrest!) and may be cast for very many more in possible tragic circumstances of the future. Yet a sound clean up is so difficult, with the nation split virulently into Fascists, Democrats, Communists. This month the Liberal-Socialist Government has shown forty of eighty known *inconnus* the frontier, as dangerous potential agents, yet how many of these will stay on their side permanently?

FRANCE'S FOREIGN POPULATION

Italians	760,000, of whom	438,000	are workers or in commerce
Belgians	326,000 ,,	188,000	
Spaniards	322,000 ,,	175,000	
Poles	309,000 ,,	170,000	
Swiss	123,000 ,,	75,000	
Germans	70,000 ,,	32,000	
British	62,000 ,,	22,000	
Czechs	33,000 ,,	22,000	

Admittedly, in a country which welcomes all political refugees, and has taken a special pride in so doing ever since the Rights of Man doctrine, there will be greater tendency for aliens to gravitate towards law-breaking. Stateless and homeless they find themselves chivvied from pillar to post, in and out of rough hospital or prison, drawing, if very lucky, a tiny unemployment pittance, but more often lining up for abject soup—such aliens finally sunk in total misery will do—what? The French cannot have it both ways. If they vaunt themselves as the most generous and hospitable of people towards victims of our so-called civilisation, they must be prepared to see a percentage of those they take in veer towards life by stealth and worse.

It is when French newspapers headline that "foreigners commit two and one half times as much crime, relatively, as the native element, including 21 per cent. of murders," that people like myself, at any rate, are liable to pronounce—*desist!* The simple fact being that the French, buried in dossiers, executing fake round-ups, pestering tourists for their passports on the main thoroughfares, are

The value the Republic places on foreigners or rather on assimilating these in ever-growing numbers, is well illustrated by the great difficulties now put in the way of aliens securing labour permits, the idea being that these should finally weaken and ask for naturalisation papers. The Naturalisation Office to-day works at pressure: at the moment 400,000 cases are on the books to be inquired into. Each year an average of 70,000 are naturalised, and 260,000 have been made French citizens since the new policy was inaugurated in 1932. This is a great change from the past, when to become a *citoyen* was among the hardest jobs of its kind on the Continent. The main reasons for the change are twofold: national defence and agriculture. These new Frenchmen will serve as conscripts, or their children will (and foreign stock is much more fertile than native), while something radical had to be done to compensate for French afterwar youth refusing to stay on the land, especially the poorer soil. Thus, we find most of the 40,000 Italian agriculturists located in the poor Gers and Lot departments.

(Continued on page 336)

THE DUCE INAUGURATES A NEW TOWN: Crowds lining the main street to welcome Signor Mussolini when he went to Guidonia on the completion of the initial stage of the building work. The place is named after General Guidoni, the pioneer airman. All business there is connected with aviation and aeronautical development, the 365 houses being occupied by pilots, mechanics, and their families

VIENNA HAS NO STATUE TO FRANCIS JOSEPH I, the Habsburg Emperor whose reign of Victorian length came to an end in 1916, so a short while ago it was decided to make good the omission, Austrian sculptors being invited to submit designs for competition. Out of the sixty or more models entered, this one by Professor Otto Hofner appears to hold most favour with the general public

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS": The headmaster, a Welshman, instructing pupils at the Ecole Britannique d' Ypres, the British school established in the battlefield zone to meet the needs of the children of British gardeners employed in tending the war graves

10,860 NAMES are inscribed on these stones which will form the great wall of the Australian National War Memorial which has been designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens and is being set up at Villers-Bretonneux, near Amiens. The memorial was originally planned in 1928 but the work has been delayed until now

THEY NEVER FORGET: A moving little ceremony which has a particular significance at Armistice time is the sounding of "Retreat" by Belgian civilian buglers beneath the great arch of the Menin Gate Memorial to the Missing at Ypres. Every night, winter and summer, these veterans pay their tribute to Britain's heroic dead

EUROPEAN SURVEY

Activity in the Battlefield Zone: Signor Mussolini Visits Guidonia: Commemorating a Habsburg

THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL TAKES SHAPE: The partially-completed 100-ft.-high watch-tower which will be the focal point of this magnificent monument to the 10,860 men of the Commonwealth who have no known graves in France. Stretching away to right and left of the tower will be the great wall of Portland stone inscribed with the names of all who are commemorated, and at the extremities will be pavilions of ashlar stone. The work is expected to be completed next spring, and it is hoped that the King will unveil it

THE EQUIPMENT OF THE

New Pictures from the Northern and Southern Fronts

DOUBLY ARMED: This sixteen-year-old Chinese youth, doing guard duty in Pootung, the much-shelled industrial quarter on the other side of the Whangpoo river facing Shanghai, carries a rifle with fixed bayonet and two fearsome-looking hand grenades

FIELD TELEPHONIST: This member of the Chinese Communist army now fighting in the North carries a hand microphone and a battery (British)

JAPANESE STEEL HELMETS are curiously rounded in shape and very different from those worn by the Chinese and in most European armies. From the point of view of uniform the invaders are much better equipped than their opponents

JAPANESE INFANTRY IN LIGHT MARCHING ORDER

USE OF THE SUB-MACHINE GUN

These weapons of American pattern are much in use among the Chinese Communist forces fighting on the northern front and have the merit of being easy to handle and of saving much time spent in reloading

OPPOSING FORCES IN CHINA

that Give Interesting Sidelights on the Campaign and Its Participants

A CHINESE MACHINE-GUN OF CURIOUS DESIGN: This deadly-looking weapon, reminiscent in some ways of an old-time blunderbus, is one of the up-to-date arms employed by the Chinese forces. The bell mouth of the barrel is intended to provide high velocity, and the gun is mounted for high-speed swivelling

A picture taken as an invading column passed through ruined Pootung on its way southward into Honan. The men travelled as light as possible as they were expecting to make a number of forced marches

SOMETHING LACKING: No steel helmets are worn by these Chinese troops fighting round Shanghai, probably on account of a shortage of equipment. They appear to be carrying on their backs an immense amount of gear, including shovels and other trenching tools. Their uniforms give the impression of being rather light in texture for the time of year

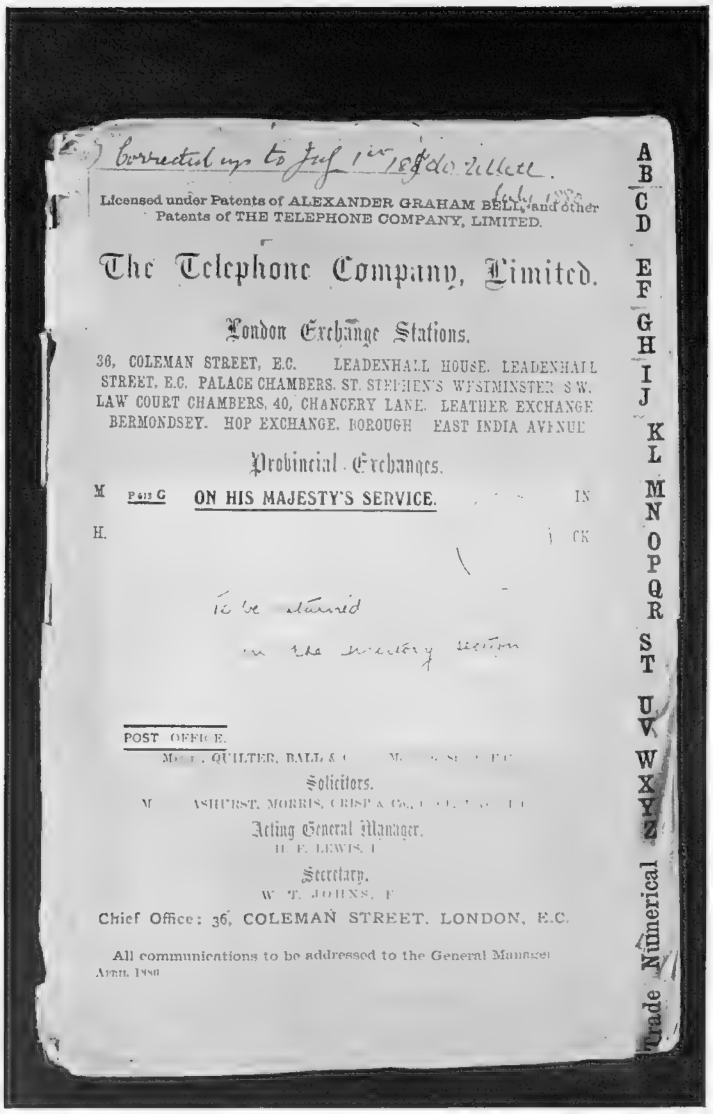
The sighting apparatus on this Japanese machine gun of the very latest pattern is one of its most intricate and interesting features and is of particular value, of course, in long range work. The gun has a very big cooling chamber

HIGH SPEED RANGE FINDING

CURIOSITIES and HUMOURS of LONDON'S TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

A Human Document, Full of Drama and Comedy

Says CHARLES GRAVES



WHEN THE TELEPHONE DIRECTORY HAD A MEAGRE THIRTY-SIX PAGES: The front cover of the list of numbers issued in April, 1880, by the London Telephone Co., Ltd., nine months after the opening of the first of the City's exchanges; a document of great historic interest

TO most people the London Telephone Directory is a necessary evil like the telephone itself. And yet it is a really human document. All the way from the A 1 Accumulator and Radio Company, Battersea 2154, to the Zyztem Supply Company, Streatham 8829, it is full of drama and comedy. In fact, the only thing it is not full of is mistakes. Actually the average is only eight misprints per 100,000 names, classifications, addresses, and telephone numbers. When you consider that every day new subscribers are having to be entered and old subscribers are dying or having their numbers changed, you will realise what a fine record this is; particularly in view of the L.C.C.'s infuriating habit of suddenly changing street names and street numbers. This alone is responsible for the altering of 15,000 subscribers' entries from last July to this coming January. In addition, you have 10,000 to 13,000 altered numbers in each issue caused by subscribers changing address.

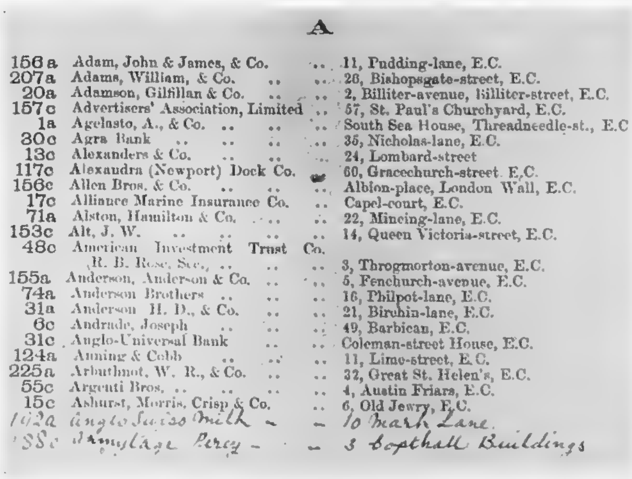
In the two volumes, A to K and L to Z, there are 600,000 different entries. Each year these are going up at such a pace that a total of 1,500,000 names is confidently expected by 1960. And what quantities of copies are distributed: 822,000 of the A to K issue were distributed or sold in August; 833,000 have been distributed or sold of the present L to Z November issue. The sheer weight of this comes to over 5,000 tons. For one must add 30,000 volumes of both issues put in public call-boxes and kiosks.

There is also the little matter of the directory card printed for each person owning a telephone directory; 750,000 of these cards are delivered in special Post Office vans; and over 200,000 copies of the classified trades directory which takes the place of the old buff book are also delivered free to all business subscribers in May and November. Furthermore, there are the local telephone directories of St. Albans and district, Bromley and district, Watford and district, Gravesend and district, Woking and district, Horley and district, and Dorking and district. All are published at the Stationery Office printing works at Harrow-on-the-Hill.

We are concerned primarily, however, with the standard London Telephone Directory, not even with the special thumb indexed variety of which 2,000 are sold a year at the added expense of an extra shilling. To be exact, each volume of the Telephone Directory costs a shilling to produce; and if you have never tried the experiment, test the excellence of its binding by lifting the whole volume by the tip of a single page. You would never believe this possible. The revenue that it brings to the Post Office is a matter of £42,000 a year. Of this, half comes from advertising and the remainder from the extra entries and the heavy type entries, which cost 10s. and 15s. respectively, with 25s. as the price of a combination of the two.

As I have said, the wrong numbers in the directory average the remarkably low figure of eight in every 100,000. Angry subscribers will write in and due apologies are made, together with every precaution to minimise the discomfort caused. The "Directory Inquiries" is also advised that any inquiries by the name or the address of the subscriber whose number has been misprinted will be answered with exceptional speed. On the astronomically rare occasions when the same number is printed by mistake for two different subscribers, permission is asked to intercept and tell all callers of the correct number. The commonest printing errors are the alteration of an 0 for a 9 and vice versa. Another one is the misprinting of R for N. Examples of this are the changing of Reedham Hospital to the more apposite though incorrect Needham Hospital; the turning of a Chain-maker into a Chair-maker; and of a Wire-maker into a Wine-maker.

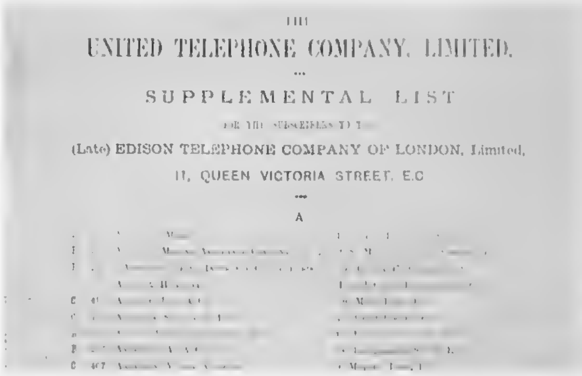
The utmost trouble, of course, has to be taken with common surnames to prevent ambiguity. 270 different names take up more than one page each in the directory. Of these the Smiths are a long way out in front. In the present issue there are nearly 5,000 Smiths, which contrasts interestingly with the 720 in the 1913 issue. To-day there are over three pages of people called Cook; over ten pages of people called Jones; Harrises have seven pages; Davieses have six; Davises have five, and so on . . . But these names! Some of them are delightful. Admittedly, poor Mr. Jolly Death, the private inquiry agent whose name caused so many tiresome practical jokers to ring him up in the middle of the night, died in the street a few years ago while pursuing his investigations; but what about Messrs. S. and B. E. Trampleasure?



156a	Adam, John & James, & Co.	11, Pudding-lane, E.C.
207a	Adams, William, & Co.	26, Bishopsgate-street, E.C.
20a	Adamson, Gilfillan & Co.	2, Billiter-avenue, Billiter-street, E.C.
157c	Advertisers' Association, Limited	57, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.
1a	Agelasto, A., & Co.	South Sea House, Threadneedle-st., E.C.
30c	Agra Bank	35, Nicholas-lane, E.C.
13c	Alexanders & Co.	24, Lombard-street
117c	Alexandra (Newport) Dock Co.	60, Gracechurch-street, E.C.
156c	Allen Bros. & Co.	Albion-place, London Wall, E.C.
17c	Alliance Marine Insurance Co.	Capel-court, E.C.
71a	Alston, Hamilton & Co.	22, Mincing-lane, E.C.
153c	Alt, J. W.	14, Queen Victoria-street, E.C.
48c	American Investment Trust Co. R. B. Rose, Sec.,	3, Throgmorton-avenue, E.C.
155a	Anderson, Anderson & Co.	5, Fenchurch-avenue, E.C.
74a	Anderson Brothers	16, Philpot-lane, E.C.
31a	Anderson H. D., & Co.	21, Birchin-lane, E.C.
6c	Andrade, Joseph	49, Barbican, E.C.
31c	Anglo-Universal Bank	Coleman-street House, E.C.
124a	Anning & Cobb	11, Lime-street, E.C.
225a	Arbuthnot, W. R., & Co.	32, Great St. Helen's, E.C.
55c	Argenti Bros.	4, Austin Friars, E.C.
15c	Ashurst, Morris, Crisp & Co.	6, Old Jewry, E.C.
102a	Anglo Swiss Milk	10 Mark Lane
88c	Armytage Percy	3 Copthall Buildings

THEN THERE WERE TWENTY-FOUR As: The second page of the London Telephone Directory as it was issued in April 1880. The two names added to the printed list were new subscribers

I also rather fancy Mr. Reginald Sinner, whose telephone number is Vigilant 3053. Needless to say, there are several Saints in the telephone book, but I note with regret that there is no Pinecoffin in the London Telephone Directory, though I remember my father once playing golf with a gentleman of this name. There are, however, eighty-five Graveses, contrasting with the sixteen before the war. Other of the more fascinating surnames are Kneebone, Fishbone, Feavearyear; there is also a Snitch, one or two Smelleys, and a Rude, a Horsenail, a Fatti, and a Ratti. You will also find a Rich and a Poor, as well as Messrs. Stout, Porter, and Bitter.



IN JULY, 1880, THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A RUSH OF NEW SUBSCRIBERS as the United Telephone Co. Ltd., issued this supplemental list. It is now one of the many relics of the early days in possession of the Post Office

Sometimes the street address suits the subscriber particularly nicely. Thus you have the Baa-Baa Co., Ltd., Ram Yard, and the Sonata laundry with an address in Beethoven Street. The shortest name in the telephone directory belongs to Dr. Sergio Re, who is a physician and surgeon in Soho. The longest English surname is Featherstonehaugh, so I am told.

A very interesting sidelight on the contents of the Telephone Directory is the efforts made by firms to be first in their alphabetical group; L beginning with the L School of Motoring, for example, and M starting with M. & A. Gowns, Furs. Better still is the rivalry and ingenuity shown between two competitive firms, each anxious to appear in front of the other. Thus, there was originally the South Kensington Window Cleaning Company; whereupon the South Ken Window Cleaning Company appeared on the scene.

Now, if you look at page 2,285 you will find the South Kensington A 1 Window Cleaning Company, Kensington 0761, followed by the South Kensington Cleaning Company, Western 1686; then another fifteen entries down, the South Kensington Window Cleaning Company, Kensington 0761, immediately followed again by the South Ken Window Cleaning Company, Western 1686. That is a feud that has been going on for quite a while. All that the South Kensington Cleaning Company can do now is

(Continued on page 336)

S

180c	[illegible]	4, Drapers-gardens, E.C.
94c	[illegible]	26, St. Swithin's-lane, E.C.
70a	[illegible]	1a, Abchurch lane, E.C.
15a	[illegible]	6, Mincing-lane, E.C.
43c	[illegible]	121, Bishopsgate-street Within
89c	[illegible]	6, Moorgate-street, E.C.
22a	[illegible]	14, Mincing-lane, E.C.
57a	[illegible]	35 St. Mary Axe, E.C.
60a	Scott & Co.	8, Idol-lane, E.C.
119a	Scott, Simpson & Waltz	73, Great Tower-street, E.C.
47a	[illegible]	7, East India-avenue, E.C.
52c	[illegible]	3, Adam's-court, E.C.
	[illegible]	1, New square, W.C.
77a	Shearman Catling & Co.	Southern House, Threadneedle-st., E.C.
175a	[illegible]	88, Bishopsgate-street, E.C.
98a	[illegible]	35, Crutched Friars, E.C.
104c	Silverston, Mark	4, Warnford-court, E.C.
197a	[illegible]	37, Fenchurch-street, E.C.
48a	Skinner, Thomas, & Co.	7, East India-avenue, E.C.
115c	Smith & Charles	South Sea House, E.C.
178a	Smith, George & Co.	114, Fenchurch-street, E.C.
	Smiths & Dore	16, Whitehall-place, Westminster, S.W.
22c	Smith, Payne & Smiths	1, Lombard-street, E.C.
211c	Smith, W. M. & Son	Smith's Wharf, Queenhithe, E.C.
59a	Smith, Wood & Co.	11, Leadenhall street, E.C.
	Society of Arts	Adelphi, W.C.
169a	Southwell, A. C.	68, King William-street, E.C.
128a	Spencer, James E. & Samuel	87, Cannon-street, E.C.
64a	[illegible], Watson & Co.	4, Cullum-street, E.C.
7a	Steel Brothers & Co.	6, East India avenue, E.C.
162a	Stephens & Reynolds	3, Clement's lane, E.C.
161a	Stephenson & Co.	5, Muscovy-court, E.C.
105c	Stock and Share Auction Co.	Crown-buildings, Old Broad-street, E.C.
195c	[illegible]	75, Old Broad street, E.C.
179c	Stafford & Uttoxeter Railway	1, Drapers' gardens, E.C.
179a	Strauss, A. & C.	16, [illegible]-lane, E.C.
134a	[illegible], Weston & Co.	84, Leadenhall-street, E.C.
191a	Sinclair Hamilton & Co.	17 St. Helen's Place
193a	Scrimgeour	18 Old Broad St.
160c	Sloane Wells & Taylor	24 St. Johns St. Smithfield

T

145a	Tamvaco & Co.	5, Fenchurch street, E.C.
2b	Tapp A. M.	4, Great George-street, S.W.
	Taylor & Son	4, Field-court, Gray's-inn.
150c	Telephone Co., General Manager	36, Coleman-street, E.C.
149c	Do. Secretary	" "
148c	Do. Electrician	" "
140c	Do. General Office	" "
	The Temple	London, E.C.
57c	Terrell & Henry	50a, Aldermanbury, E.C.
180c	Theobald, J. Wilson	8, Drapers'-gardens, E.C.
38c	Thompson, W., James & Henry	38, Mincing-lane, E.C.
66a	Thorburn, Thomas & Co.	21, Mincing lane, E.C.
216c	Thornhill, Cecil	2, Warnford-court, E.C.
194a	Tolmé & Runge	11 & 12, Great Tower-street, E.C.
74c	Tramways & General Works Co.	57, Moorgate street, E.C.
38a	Travers, Joseph & Sons	119, Cannon-street
176c	Trussott, James, & Son	Suffolk-lane, E.C.
73a	Tyers, Bullock & Co.	39, Mincing-lane, E.C.

WHAT OF THE SMITHS? In this Telephone Directory of 1880 they took a very modest place, while to-day they are the backbone of the L to Z volume, having no fewer than five thousand separate entries, covering twenty pages or more

FLIGHT

Dutch Air Force Expansion : Imperial Airways Survey of Indian and Far Eastern Bases : Advent of the Tricycle Undercarriage

HOLLAND JOINS THE ARMS RACE: The new Fokker T 5, regarded as one of the most formidable medium bombers yet produced by any country, is among the types ordered by the Dutch Government from the Fokker works at Amsterdam to meet the needs of its air force expansion scheme. As pointed out in "The Sphere" last week, Holland, the tradit'onal neutral, has felt bound at last to rearm

2,000,000 FLYING MILES TO HIS CREDIT: Commander Ivan Smirnoff, one of Europe's best-known air-line pilots, has now returned to duty on the Croydon–Amsterdam route following his spectacular three-day flight from the Dutch East Indies to Holland

EASTWARD HO! The Imperial Airways flying-boat, *Satyrus*, leaving Alexandria at the start of a 6,000-mile survey flight of India and the Far East, the object of which is to test the efficiency of the marine air bases and operational facilities established in readiness for the introduction of regular flying-boat services between England, the Far East, and Australia. The services will be carried out by the Short Empire flying boats

FIRE FIGHTING SUITS FOR AERODROMES: These ghoulish looking asbestos outfits are now being produced at a Slough factory for use in case of emergency at British, Australian, and South African landing grounds

FLYING TECHNIQUE SIMPLIFIED: This two-seater K.L.M. machine is fitted with the new tricycle undercarriage, an innovation that eliminates bouncing and makes landing supremely easy. With this arrangement there is a single wheel at the nose and two others aft of the centre of gravity, and the effect when the plane touches the ground is that lift is destroyed and the load is transferred immediately to the landing wheels

A TIMED FLIGHT UNDER THE HOOD: This plane is being flown by a pupil in a darkened cockpit, carrying out by reference to the instruments before him the manœuvres outlined by the instructor occupying the forward seat. Blind flying now forms a more than ever important part of R.A.F. training and the Miles Magister depicted here is the latest type built for the purpose

MYSTERY of an EARLY 17th-CENTURY EMBROIDERY

A Work that Depicts Birds Little Known in those Days to Students of Natural History

This embroidery of the early years of the 17th century, which has just been acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum, is worked in wool and silk on linen canvas in tent stitch. The embroideress, according to the fashion of the times, probably reproduced the smaller birds and beasts from a natural history book, pricking round the outline of a chosen picture, dusting charcoal through the holes on to the canvas, and thereby having a basis on which to work. Mystery, however, surrounds the presence of the flamingo and the puffin, for these birds were almost unknown to the writers of the time. This work, therefore, in addition to its attractions as a piece of embroidery, is of importance to ornithologists as supplying the first recognisable illustrations of these two birds. How they came to be depicted there, though, is a problem offering many fascinating possibilities.

SEXCENTENARY of a BELGIAN CHURCH

Notre Dame d'Aerschot, a Shrine of Many Treasures, Celebrates a Glorious History in this Year of Grace

AMONG the coloured glass windows in the Victoria and Albert Museum there is a particularly fine example of Flemish work. It comes from the church of Aerschot, the little Belgian town near Louvain, which suffered so severely during the war. From the same church came the windows in the chapel of St. Lawrence at Rugby. The glass in the museum, in which one sees "Guillaume de Crooy" and "Marie Madeleine de Hamal," was once in the Bermal Collection, then in Marlborough House, before arriving at its present destination.

The Rugby windows were acquired through the initiative of Dr. Arnold. One of them was sold to cover the cost of the restoration of the roof of the church. They represent "The Adoration of the Magi" and "Christ's Apparition to his Mother". They were dedicated to the "Old Rugbeians" who died in the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny.

Aerschot, in spite of its tragic past, is a quiet, peaceful, smiling town and this year has been busily working for the celebration of the sixth centenary of its church of Notre Dame. In reality it has a portion older than the period which it has been celebrating but the date 1337 is without question, for it is cut in an inscription in the chancel, along with the name of the architect, Jacobus Pickart.

1337—1937: *Left*—The church of Notre Dame, in the town of Aerschot, near Louvain, which this year is celebrating six centuries of continuous service and *(right)* a wooden figure of the Virgin and Christ Child which is stated to be as old as the church itself

According to legend two statues of the Virgin were being brought up the river Demer by boat. The first was deposited at Werchter, and as the boat stopped at Aerschot it was taken as a sign from Heaven, and the second statue was confided to the place. A pilgrimage was started, many faithful people came from all the region round about, and gifts flowed in, so much so that the original chapel of painted wood was replaced by a much greater edifice. As it became more and more known, the small sanctuary grew and expanded with the passing of the centuries. First the chancel, then the side chapels and finally the great nave, which was finished in 1462. The ironstone came from nearby quarries.

The church possesses many art treasures. A fine rood-screen in stone, a "primitive" representing the "Pressoire mystique" (mystic winepress), a carved wooden altar-piece by De Crayer, and a chandelier in wrought iron, attributed to Quentin Matsys.

Wars, fire, and pestilence scourged the little frontier town repeatedly throughout its history, but the great war brought the greatest anguish. In the outer walls are to be seen shells half buried in the stonework, and in a chapel a charred figure of Christ is a witness to the fire started by the Germans.

Every day a bell rings at eleven o'clock, which was formerly the luncheon hour of the weavers working at home. The weavers no longer ply their trade, but the bell still throws out its message—every year, too, on the evening of the fête of St. Rock there is an illumination of candles to commemorate deliverance from the plague.

Near the church is the Béguinage, a charming place, with its little white houses, gleaming with light, with their green shutters and blue tiles. The Sisterhood no longer inhabits the houses which are now occupied by old people.

B. H.

THE BÉGUINAGE AT AERSCHOT: These charming little white houses with their green shutters and blue tiles are one of the most picturesque features of the town. Seven widows live there and carry on the tradition of prayers instituted by Sisters of Mercy formerly occupying the place

ROOD-SCREEN IN STONE: A wonderful piece of sixteenth-century ecclesiastical carving that is undoubtedly one of the finest features of the interior of the church of Notre Dame. The work is so delicate that it seems incredible that it could have been done in this medium

A RARE PAINTED TAPESTRY AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION

Fifteenth-Century Canvas From Rheims Depicting a Scene From a Mystery Play Acted Before Charles VIII

A SCENE FROM "LA VENGENCE NOSTRE SEIGNEUR JÉSUS-CHRIST," one of the great French medieval mystery plays, is depicted in this beautiful painted tapestry which has been on view in the theatre section of the Museum of Modern Art building at the Paris Exhibition. The artist's name is unknown

The Theatre in France in the Middle Ages

THIS fifteenth-century painted tapestry, depicting one of the scenes of the mystery play, entitled *La Vengence Nostre Seigneur Jésus-Christ*, acted in front of Charles VIII, King of France, in 1484, has been on view during the past few months in the Art section of the Paris International Exhibition, dealing with "The Theatre in France during the Middle Ages," and has attracted much attention. It measures roughly about 9 ft. square and at a first glance has the appearance of a tapestry but, on closer examination, the work proves to be a coloured drawing on linen, the main pictorial scene being surrounded by a foliated border.

The Hôtel Dieu at Rheims has for a long time been in possession of a number of painted tapestries which, till recently, were thought to have been executed as models for woven tapestries. Of the twenty-four examples, seven (of which this is one) represent historic and fabulous scenes from this medieval play, the author of which was Jehan Michel, Bishop of Angers, Doctor of Theology, who died in 1447. The date of these canvases is uncertain and the artist's name unknown. It is supposed that they were executed about the year 1530, under the direction of Cardinal de Lenoncourt. This should be the approximate date for it corresponds to the costumes of the period, as seen in the tapestry painting, of the last few years of the reign of Louis XI and that of Charles VIII.

This is one of the only existing painted canvases, preserved at the Hôtel Dieu at Rheims, which illustrate the religious concept of the Middle Ages, conveying some idea of the naiveté of belief and the passionate and poetic faith of the medieval French. In a learned treatise on the history of the early French theatre, published in 1843, M. L. Paris describes how the people had need of a lucid interpretation of the divine epic.

Thus it was that the Testament story was converted into the form of drama to meet the needs of the time and, under the title of Miracles and Mysteries, the most dramatic passages in the Scriptures were, during the fifteenth century, acted and staged in public.

It has now been ascertained that the above tapestry painting is an exceptionally fine example of the unique series of canvases inspired by the presentation of the Mystery plays performed at Rheims. Such plays were presented under the management of the Church, generally taking place in cathedrals or monasteries, and the most elaborate scenery ever used was a three-storey scaffold to represent heaven, earth, and the nether world.

A. W.

TIGER HUNTING in PRINCELY INDIA

New Pictures of One of the Great Sports of the Sub-Continent—Two Methods of Finding the Quarry

DOWN ON HIS KNEES: A maharaja's hunting elephant taking up a kneeling position in order to allow the exalted occupant of the howdah to dismount and make his way into the jungle on foot

INGLORIOUS END: A giant tiger, evidently of immense weight, conveyed through the jungle by the beaters after being brought down by one of the guns at the close of a drive. Tiger hunting is an expensive sport, mostly indulged in by the Princes. It is only once in a while that a fine specimen like this is obtained

PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE: On reaching a spot in the jungle about a mile from the glade in which a tiger has slaughtered a tethered water buffalo and is engaged in eating it, the marksmen dismount from their richly caparisoned hunting elephant. They then proceed to make the rest of their way on foot

THERE are two methods of hunting tigers in Central India: one is a hunt with a definite goal, in which a living water buffalo is tethered the night before in a deep glade for the purpose of decoying the tiger. The other method demands the employment of beaters.

With the former method, the members of the shooting party are informed by watchers immediately the tiger has slaughtered the buffalo and is busy gorging its fill. Such a meal sometimes lasts for several hours, during which the host and his party advance on elephant back, often under cover of complete darkness.

On reaching a spot about a mile from the place at which the tiger is busy at its meal, the party dismounts and proceeds on foot. Only narrow paths lead through the jungle, and the slightest noise must be avoided so as not to scare the tiger away. Four loaders usually accompany the host, who, like the other members of his party, carries his gun at the ready. If the first shot fails to find its mark, the entire hunt is spoiled, because the tiger makes off in a series of tremendous bounds and usually disappears in the dense undergrowth of the jungle. The tiger is most dangerous when the first shot only succeeds in wounding it; often turning on its attackers in most ferocious fashion.

In the hunt with beaters, the forest men advance in a wide crescent with drums, trumpets, rifles, and arrows, endeavouring to drive the tigers into a glade, where the guns are waiting.

On right—CORNERED: A tiger hears the beaters approaching in the distance and pauses for a moment before determining the best possible line of retreat

A LANKY BOWMAN OF THE FOREST: One of the primitive Bhil tribesmen who make excellent beaters, driving the quarry in towards the guns. There are two methods of hunting tigers, one by driving and one by providing bait

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CORRESPONDENT: Then and Now

Some Personal Reminiscences by Inglis Sheldon-Williams, One-time "Sphere" Artist and a Veteran of Many Campaigns

advisable, it could be turned into a complete double page drawing in twenty-four hours by Wal Paget.

That is to say if he sat up all night. If he didn't like to do that he would have called up another artist with a more or less similar technique and have got him to sit up only half the night doing one half of the picture while he did the other half. Then, a little before the milk delivery, they would meet at the studio and join the two halves together, each working a bit on the other man's half to get the right unity of effect, and the one who wasn't too sleepy would take it to the office and go back to bed. They would have at their fingers' ends all the equipment and so forth necessary to carry out the drawing, which would be described as "from sketches by our special artist so-and-so." That is how things were done at rush times before the camera came when there was plenty of work for good professional artist's models, who have never received the credit that is their due. Probably the best pair of artists for this kind of team work were Gülich and Hatherell.

In the Russo-Japanese war in 1904 the Japanese made a clean job of Kitchener's tentative beginnings by killing off the old style war correspondent outright. They were much too polite to refuse him permission to come and look on, so he came in his legions from all over the world without asking first what he was going to be allowed to look on at. And when he asked the Japanese, the Japanese pointed to the geisha girls, and Fuji, and almond blossoms, and all that, and told him to look at that. And when he advised the Japanese officers just exactly what to do to the Russians, the Japanese officers said "Yess, yess; just sso," and drew in their breath with a hissing sound.

In the eyes of the Japanese, the pressman is about on the social level of that person who calls when you are busy to point out the advantage to you of some patent article. And they seem unable to discriminate. Sufficient to recall the picture of Lionel James of *The Times* beating about the China seas in his wireless ship, the *Haimun*, dogged like a pirate, and distracted by principals wrestling with the birth throes of the radio and the death throes of a passing war news régime; or the periodical round-up banquet at the Mikado's Palace—like dinner-time at Dartmoor—of the entire international army of "Our Special side, and of Bulla with the Russians. And no special artist could hope to compete from the standpoint of actualities with the records snapped by R. S. Dunn of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* of the sinking of the two Russian warships off the Korean port of Chemulpo—Japan's informal precedent for Declaration of War, now a commonplace in the days of the *fait accompli*.

This he achieved by giving his Tokyo watch dogs the slip, bolting to Seoul with a hunch, and a handcart full of small change strung on wires, getting off his stuff, and returning to Tokyo to apologise for his escapade and to relish the cabled congratulations from his office.

In the Balkan war, October, 1912, Jimmy Hare gasps from somewhere Behind the Front: "At *last* I've got within camera range of a gun!" And on that campaign the whole contingent of correspondents was put under open arrest because three of them climbed a hill out of bounds to catch a distant glimpse of a limber on its way to some unknown scene of action. A far cry, this, from Melton Prior's experience with the same authorities in the Turco-Bulgarian affair in 1878. Came a complaint from home that no drawings had reached the office for six weeks; he discovered that the censor had been suppressing them; threatened to draw and publish a set of "atrocities" that would make his censored drawings look like a ladies' Dorcas meeting—and the censor capitulated.

And so the story runs through the Franco-Moroccan campaign; Italy's descent upon North Africa; the Greco-Turkish war, with Paget and Prater battling for THE SPHERE; perennial altercations between China and Japan; till we come to the great war, when the old style war correspondent vanished.

At least he passed out officially. His spirit dogs the manacled new style war correspondent, hinting ways of dodging regulations.

Now I myself was an old style war correspondent, and I died with the rest of them and came to life again in the great war as the new style correspondent, so I know all about both.

The first duty of the new style war correspondent is to take care that he does not get hurt. This is out of no consideration for his mother's feelings or his own, but because an accident might make trouble for the official told off to the thankless job of keeping track of him. Playing hide and seek with this official is one of the few thrills left in the game.

Still, there is plenty of fun to-day for the new style martyr to the public appetite for sensation. Look at me in the great war. And I was not even paying for my fun. Some other martyr was paying for me.

To begin with I was at the front where there was plenty to eat.

And to drink. The first thing they did was to bring me a bottle of whisky with my name on it without even asking me if I ever touched the stuff. I said "How much?" And the mess orderly said "It's up to you, sir. Say when." So after a little while I said "When."

Then they gave me a batman all to myself. He did my mending. I

(*Continued on page* 328)

UBIQUITOUS REUTER: One of the famous news agency's correspondents engaged in interviewing General Chiang Kai-skek, the Chinese military leader and Mei-ling, his American educated wife, in the grounds of their Nanking residence

KNIGHTS OF THE LENS: White-clad cameramen recording a battle-scene on the outskirts of Shanghai. They have had wonderful opportunities of getting first-class action pictures in this war, whereas in the Italo-Abyssinian struggle of 1935 chances were few and far between, the Italian authorities keeping a close watch on the photographers

Correspondent with the Japanese Forces" incarcerated in Tokyo's "Imperial Hotel," the menu including a sop of stone-cold news, served up a safe twenty-four hours after the Foreign Office had dispatched it to Baron Hyashi in London, there to be doled out at his discretion.

It was during this campaign that the advancing power of the camera definitely administered the *coup de grace* to the special artist. From encroachments farther and farther upon the letterpress of the dailies; from living news on the screens attended by trained announcers, the new medium of dissemination has retaliated heavily in kind on the past condescensions of the pen man.

The dawn of the pictured war news first broke with the eloquent work of J. Hare on the Japanese

STEELHELMETED PRESSMEN being given an interview in the Japanese headquarters at Hongkew, Shanghai, when they were shown Japanese Officers' war relics and other curios

A NEWSREEL MAN ON THE NANKING FRONT: Top boots, breeches, an open necked shirt, a steel helmet, and, of course, his camera, form the equipment of this operator

ARMISTICE DAY
IN
London and Paris

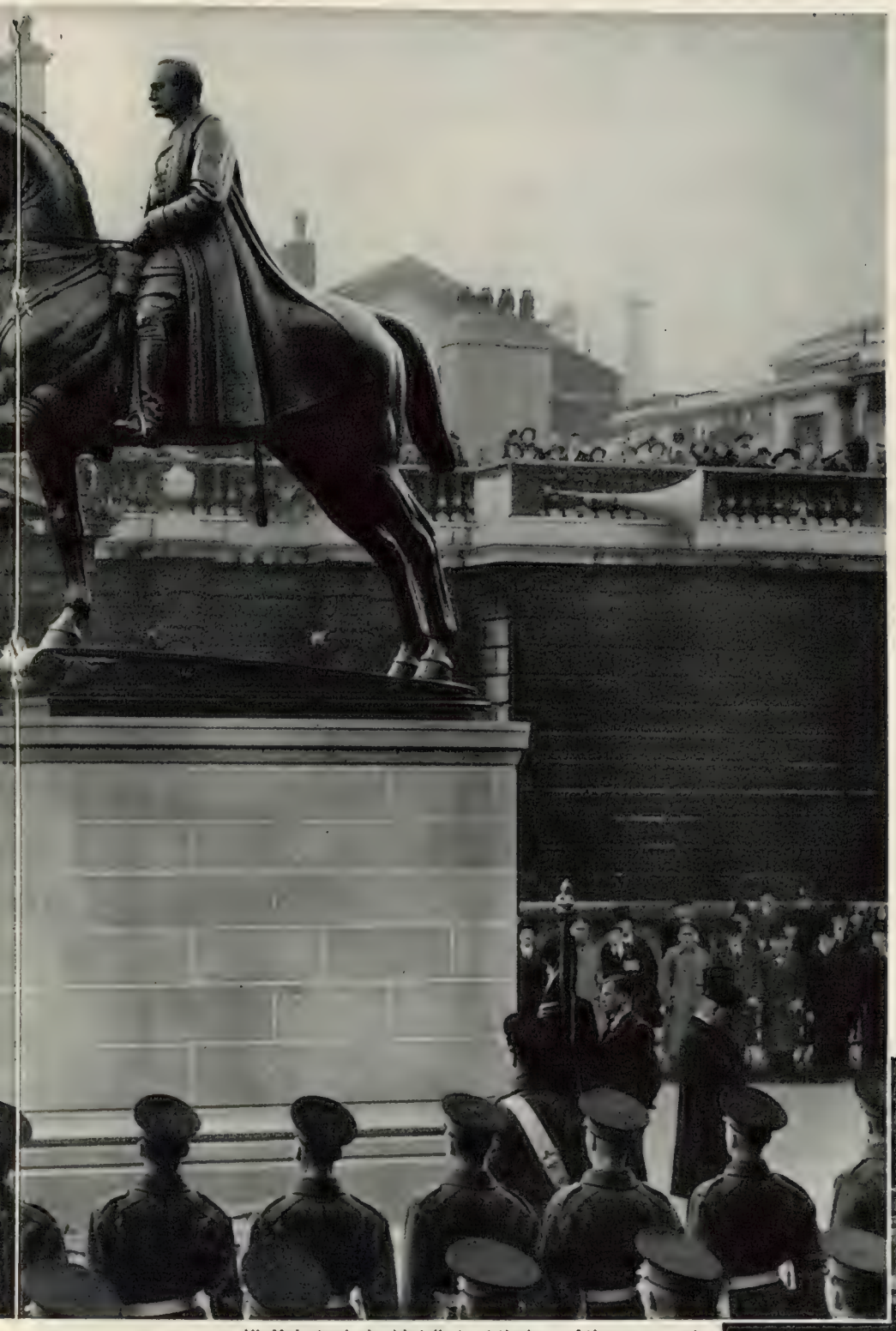
THE CENOTAPH . .
Focal Point of the Nation's Homage

No other moment in the modern calendar has ever turned so many minds in the same direction as does 11 a.m. every Armistice Day, and on this the nineteenth anniversary of the cessation of hostilities, the homage was no less sincere, no less deeply moving than in the past. All day long after the service was over thousands lined up in Whitehall and filed reverently by the Cenotaph to look upon the multitude of wreaths adorning its base

THE KING LAYS A WREATH ON THE EARL HAIG STATUE

POLITICAL NOTABILITIES AT THE CENOTAPH: Right to left front row—Mr. Neville Chamberlain (Prime Minister), Major Attlee (Leader of the Labour Opposition), Lord Hailsham (Lord Chancellor), Captain Fitzroy (The Speaker), Sir John Simon (Chancellor of the Exchequer), Lord Halifax (Lord President of the Council), Sir Samuel Hoare (Home Secretary), Lord de La Warr (Lord Privy Seal), Mr. Malcolm MacDonald (Dominions Secretary) and Lord Zetland (Secretary of State for India). In the group behind can be seen Mr. Duff Cooper (First Lord of the Admiralty), Mr. Hore-Belisha (War Minister), and other members of the ministry, while in the background is the naval guard through which the man who broke the Silence thrust his way

AND THE KING DI
the police hustled ba
towards His Majesty
memorial but to mill
Right—The impressing



His Majesty placing his tribute at the base of the monument to Britain's great war-time leader; his first act after attending the Armistice Day service at the Cenotaph. The figure had been unveiled only on the day previously

AFTER THE CENOTAPH SERVICE: Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary, and the Duchess of Kent in conversation following the ceremony in Whitehall

NG DID NOT STIR: The dramatic scene in the midst of the Two Minutes Silence as tl[illegible]d back into the crowd the escaped mental patient Stanley Storey who by dashing M[illegible]iesty shouting a protest had given offence not only to those assembled near the t[illegible] millions throughout the world who were following the broadcast proceedings. *On* p[illegible]sing Armistice Day scene at the Arc de Triomphe, Paris, grave of the Unknown Warrior

MATERNAL FEAR: Mrs. Alving (Marie Ney) reveals her terror at the thought that her son Oswald (Clifford Evans) has inherited her disreputable husband's vices. A scene from Norman Ginsbury's adaptation of Henrik Ibsen's *Ghosts* which Bronson Albery has presented with such success at the Vaudeville and in which Miss Ney, as the woman who sacrifices all to the fetish of outer respectability, rises to heights of emotional feeling, giving one of the outstanding performances of her career. *On right*—Another scene from the play showing all five characters on the stage at the same time—Mrs. Alving (Marie Ney); Manders (Stephen Murray) the tiresome and sanctimonious pastor; Oswald (Clifford Evans) ne'er-do-well son of a ne'er-do-well father; Engstrand (Frederick Bennett); and Regina (Silvia Coleridge)

A WEEK in which among the few strictly theatrical events for consideration is a revival of Ibsen's *Ghosts* might be regarded as pretty heavy going—or, alternatively, flat, stale, wearing, and unprofitable, according to one's view of Ibsen. The Vaudeville Theatre, having undergone certain transmogrification and taken unto itself the sub-title of "The House of Laughter," started the new regime with a satire which did not imperil the structure of the building by reason of any hootings of cachinnation it caused. After a few peaceful nights this has given place to Ibsen, that rare old Norwegian fun-maker.

Although we may take it for granted that Ibsen is never in any of his moods the man for "a House of Laughter," least of all when he deals, as in *Ghosts*, with hereditary diseases which cause mania, and cause also respectable matrons to leap in their seats with horror at the very mention of them, it is good to find that at the Vaudeville the nothing-but-gloom attitude to Ibsen has been dropped. At one time the only way the man could be brought anywhere near the "light touch" was by burlesquing him. The late Harry Pelissier and his "Follies" did this brilliantly. "I want you to imagine," I recall Pelissier's saying to the audience in a preliminary speech, "that you are members of a party of vegetarian Esperantists stranded in a third-class waiting-room at Clapham Junction on a wet Sunday afternoon in December." That was a fair effort to create a true picture of Scandinavian depression.

There is no depression of any kind at the Vaudeville just now. *Ghosts* is, of course, a serious play, and those out for a frivolous evening must not look for it here. But the old masterpiece is so alive (and it is a masterpiece) that the fact that it is grim becomes quite secondary. This is partly due to Mr. Norman Ginsbury's new adaptation. I must have seen *Ghosts* at least half-a-dozen times, and always in the William Archer version. Now the late Mr. Archer was a distinguished critic and literary figure with a knowledge of—and devotion to—Ibsen, so profound that Max Beerbohm caricatured him kissing the toe of Ibsen's boot. I do not think it has been altogether a good thing for Ibsen that since then all Ibsen's impresarios have, figurately, been kissing Mr. Archer's boot. For Mr. Archer was thorough but a sesquipedalian. Mr. Ginsbury has not undertaken any unlicensed "jazzing up" of Ibsen, but he has put red blood into him. And who, after seeing the Vaudeville production, would have thought that the old man had so much blood in him?

The cast is full of young blood again, so much the better—Regina is a fantastically difficult part. Miss Silvia Coleridge is almost fantastically good in it. Oswald has, we know, to ask for the sun in that last ghastly scene; but Mr. Clifford Evans is not content, as are so many Oswalds, to save all his energy for the sun episode and to spend the rest of the play mooning about and doing nothing in particular, and not even doing it very well.

Mr. Frederick Bennett's Engstrand is forceful—possibly a little too much so—and the Pastor Manders of Mr. Stephen Murray had a real existence instead of, as so often, being a highbrow edition of W. S. Penley's curate.

Miss Marie Ney's Mrs. Alving is so admirable that I was almost saying that this highly intelligent actress has been sent into the world to play Mrs. Alving. Why I do not say so is that I can think of few more doubtful labels than that of "highly intelligent" to tie on to an actress of Miss Ney's charm and standing; and to say of anyone that their pre-ordained lot in life is to play an Ibsen heroine approaches the libellous.

"It's You I Want"—Sir Seymour Hicks has marked his stage jubilee by reviving, at the Cambridge Theatre the successful farce *It's You I Want*. Both are hardly credible—the jubilee, because to swallow the fact that this

On right—
LES GIRLS OF 1937: The Merriel Abbott dancers, who have been giving such a good account of themselves in the Dorchester cabaret, rehearsing a new number. They are quite one of the best-drilled troupes now in this country

On STAGE and SCREEN

Marie Ney as an Interpreter of Ibsen : Seymour Hicks at the Top of His Form in the "It's You I Want" Revival : Marlene Dietrich Goes Too Slowly : "Doctor Syn," a Good Adventure Film

By PHILIP PAGE

mercurial person, looking hardly forty and carrying a deliciously electric entertainment largely on his own obviously youthful shoulders takes a deal of swallowing, and the farce—well, a farce should be incredible.

This one was a big success on its first production and it is as fresh and as funny as ever. Much of it is really witty and that which is not witty Sir Seymour manages to turn into wit, after some mysterious recipe of his own. And yet after all not, perhaps, so very mysterious. The key to the problem is genius.

During an entr'acte I overheard a member of the audience, rightly enthusiastic, say something about Seymour Hicks being the Sacha Guitry of London. I would say rather that Sacha Guitry is the Seymour Hicks of Paris.

The supporting company is more than adequate, and I would like to draw the attention of some of the many semi-amateur professional producers of plays to take note of what real production means. There is no single gesture or incident, however apparently unimportant, which is not fully exploited here in the grand cause of fun. Yet it is never over-exploited. Everything is "done decently and in order."

"Angel" (Film).—Here we have the poor old League of Nations on the films at last. To be abused or defended in the House of Commons? To arouse the passionate ecstasy of Professor Gilbert Murray? To be very properly, or very improperly, ignored by Signor Mussolini in some mighty spectacular production about campaigns in Abyssinia?

Oh dear no, and not a bit of it! Just to help along a story to help along Miss Marlene Dietrich. To *Angel* at the Plaza can, I suppose, be applied that hard-worked adjective glamorous. But it is top-heavy, bottom-heavy, and all-the-way-round-heavy with glamour.

Angel is, presumably, the wife of Sir Something Barker, a British delegate to the League of Nations. She is beautiful and occasionally dashes off to Paris to meet a handsome young Englishman who adores her and does his best to steal her. The husband discovers which way the land (and the young man) lies, and in order to keep his wife out of harm's way whisks her off to Vienna. "Whisks" is hardly the word since everyone and everything in this film moves at such a sepulchral pace and with such awful solemnity.

The story, which is no less simple than I have indicated, appears to take hour after hour to unfold, and each film, that graceful but irritatingly languid stroll. After about a quarter of an hour of her glamorous amble, I found myself echoing the sentiments of the sedan-chairman in *Pickwick*, when at three o'clock on a cold winter's morning the sleepy footman crawled at snail's pace to open the door—"I vish I vos behind 'im vith a bradawl!"

the pompous methods of the early Pinero are employed. It may be that the stately progress through each film-yarn now considered to be the trade-mark or even prerogative of Miss Marlene Dietrich calls for such a procedure; for, as an army has to march in accordance with the pace of its slowest unit, so, too, does a film-cast. If that is the case, the sooner that progress is quickened, the better. In other words, Miss Dietrich, or her producers, etc., must try a change of bowling.

She is an active as well as an attractive woman, I imagine, and she would increase the millions of her admirers could she be induced to show signs of activity. Her method of carrying a beautiful, if over-large face, through film after film with an expression as fixed and as artificial as that pair of eyebrows has served well enough for a long, long time. Let something else be tried. And let Miss Dietrich drop, if only for a few moments in

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S NEW COIFFURE: Hollywood's leading juvenile, who is growing up so fast that her fans are beginning to wonder about her film future, has her hair done in this attractive style for her part in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, a new screen version of which is now on the way

"Doctor Syn" (Film).—Mr. Russell Thorndike, in addition to being an uncommonly good actor, has something like genius for telling a story on broad, vigorous, romantic lines. It was inevitable that his *Doctor Syn* would be made into a film, and I was delighted to find so much of the original Syn in the version at the New Gallery.

Credit should go to plenty of people but most of it to Mr. Thorndike whose story (which I am presuming to be familiar to the majority) has just that right touch of adventure about it, and is, moreover, quite new, while at the same time smacking of the historical period with which it deals. If I were not hoping that Mr. Thorndike would soon return to the stage to give us some more horrific Grand Guignol studies (not eye-gouging—I bar that, though Mr. Thorndike is, as a matter of professional pride, an expert here), I would suggest that he should be dumped into a quiet corner with a writing block to turn out many film yarns of just this flavour at a fabulous salary. Probably he will be.

The acting is first rate with Miss Margaret Lockwood, Mr. John Loder, Mr. Roy Emerton, and Mr. Athole Stewart, heading the cast.

GETTING READY FOR THE SET! British tennis star Kay Stammers being made up in the Hal Roach studios in Hollywood for a screen test; a picture taken during her latest visit to California to play in the Pacific Coast Championships

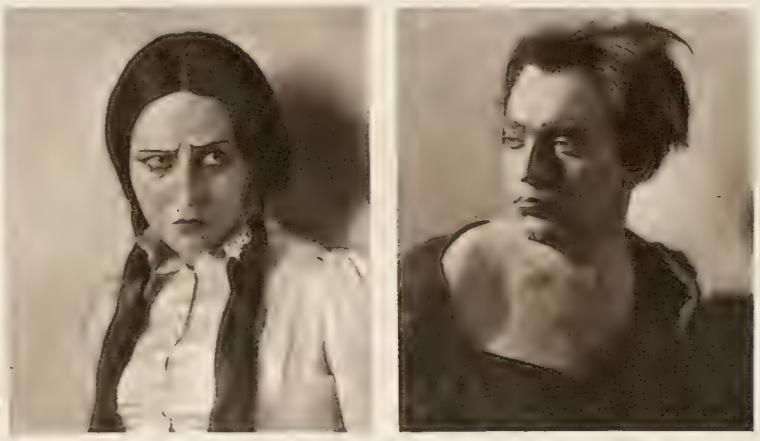
"Victoria Regina" Souvenir.—Plays and films about Queen Victoria come and go—and some of them don't "go." But towering above them all, as both an achievement in dramatic literature and as a financial triumph is Lawrence Housman's *Victoria Regina* now nearing its 200th performance at the Lyric Theatre, where it was produced on June 21st. To mark the success an illustrated Souvenir has now been published, with a characteristic coloured cover which in itself seems to embody the very spirit of the Victorian era.

Mr. Housman has written thirty short plays on this subject, nine of which comprise *Victoria Regina*, and the article he contributes to this booklet contains a passage peculiarly interesting in view of certain accusations (quite groundless, I think) that he has created in his play merely a colourless and saintlike figure and that the real Victoria was in a recent play about Gladstone, public performance of which has been forbidden.

"Without the Prince Consort to train her," he writes, "she would not have been a good Queen; then, for twelve years after his death, luxuriating in her grief, she neglected her duties and became unpopular." That may be a well-worn truth, but it is certainly not flattering.

With many photographs, some of them in colour, of important scenes, the Souvenir should live up to its name in the case of the 200,000 people (about) who have already seen the play. Since there has not been a vacant seat at the Lyric throughout the run so far, there is every possibility that a fresh edition of the Souvenir will be needed a year hence.

THE HABIMA HEBREW THEATRE VISITS LONDON



TWO LEADING LIGHTS OF THE HABIMA: Madame H. Rovina (*left*) as Leah in *The Dybbuk* and M. S. Finkel as the Messiah Ben Joseph in *The Golem's Dream*

THE Habima Hebrew Theatre is paying a welcome return visit to London after its successes at the Paris Exhibition. The London Season of 1931 was an artistic triumph of the highest order with *The Dybbuk*, *The Golem's Dream*, *The Crown of David*. It was at their special farewell matinée of the last play, to which they invited the whole of the London theatre world, that John Gielgud and Charles Laughton were so moved to admiration and praise. The company used to play in secret under the Tsarist regime in Russia, but after the revolution of 1917 emerged as the first Hebrew speaking theatrical company. They admired the work of the Moscow Art Theatre and with Stavislavsky's encouragement set up a studio under the direction of Vachtangov who produced *The Dybbuk* for them, and died tragically on the eve of the premiere. It is still their most characteristic and most exciting play even after twenty years of development. In 1925 they left Moscow, and after playing in almost every country in Europe as well as in America, they settled in Tel Aviv as the Jewish National Theatre of Palestine. They play at their own theatre in Tel Aviv and in Jerusalem, in temporary structures in the Jewish colonies, and even in open-air amphitheatres.

The company works on collective lines, being governed by a small committee chosen among themselves. There are no stars—or rather all are stars—the leading actor of one play merely walking on in another, but, despite this, the outstanding figures are Madame H. Rovina, famous as Leah in *The Dybbuk* and as Thama in *The Crown of David*, M. A. Meskin, the majestic King David and M. S. Finkel, the moving Amnon of *The Crown of David*. They have performed in Shakespeare, Moliere, Calderon, Shaw, Aleichem, and Somerset Maugham. At the Savoy in their present season they are presenting An-Sky's mystical *Dybbuk*, Gutzkow's *Uriel Acosta* as well as *The Wandering Jew* and *The Golem's Dream*. Although they act in Hebrew, those who do not understand that musical language have the delight of an ensemble in which ballet, gesture, and the acting of an orchestrated team unite in a setting of colour and music of unbelievable harmony.

THE WAR CORRESPONDENT: THEN AND NOW

By Inglis Sheldon-Williams *(Continued from page 323)*

BEFORE PRETORIA: This rough sketch, made by Mr. Sheldon-Williams on the day the city was taken, is a good example of the speedy draughtsmanship of the correspondents of the Boer War era. They did their sketches, often enough from the saddle, and nearly always under difficulties, and then sent them to London where all essential detail was filled in before publication

never saw a woman sew a button on so fast without my having to take my things off. And he found me beautiful bedrooms in abandoned mansions, and lit cosy fires for me in the morning with the kitchen chairs. And after finishing my coffee I would turn over for forty more, muttering "War is hell."

After that I would send for my chauffeur and arrange the joy ride for the day. He had stopped shooting Germans because they had hit him in a lot of places at different places earlier in the war. So we would set out in an indefatigable Vauxhall with a large headquarters tab on it and do Marlborough's and Wellington's battlefields and any other battlefield that happened to be going on, and because I was pressed for time because dispatches have to be timed for the Press, O.Cs. and their battalions had to hurry and come to attention and salute as my H.Q. car sped by. Of course I acknowledged it. Done up in a British warm with no badges on, there is not much to choose between me and Haig in a moment of grave abstraction. So I saluted like that.

And large Belgian women whom Haig or I had released from bondage climbed on the car and kissed me. So I saluted like that.

Or brass bands at little emancipated towns would line up on the running board and come along a little way, playing trombones and things; "C'est le Commandant Canadien, savez-vous"—"Oui, oui; ça va sans dire".

But sometimes the Germans made the same mistake and lobbed big wasteful shells at us.

Once when I had run away from the officer who was supposed to be in charge of me I fell in with a colonel who was poking about in front of the Germans looking for likely positions for his motor machine guns, and as he seemed lonely I offered to accompany him. He did not like the idea at all at first. I don't mean necessarily that he took a dislike to me, but he said, "Supposing anything should happen to you, where should I be?"

Not a word, you notice, about where I should be. However, I overlooked that, and offered to write him a note absolving him from responsibility, and he said "All right, all right. Never mind about that. If you must be a damned fool come along." So I went along, and he was quite decent. And presently he said, "quick! get behind that wall if you don't want a blighty, you . . ." So I felt very safe with him and decided to stop for a few days. I could not stop longer because my shepherd who was looking for me always kept my heavy kit as a string. Still, one man's razor is much the same as another's, and one can always say "when" at the front wherever you are.

I could give a lot of little examples like this to show how to get stuff by accidentally arranging to turn up where officially you are not supposed to be. Having got all that is to be had of it you go and report the *contretemps*, and promise to be on your guard against its happening again. It would never do to have the same kind of accident twice.

Having made your peace, you get to work and think up another kind of accident, and blunder with all the appearance of sheer stupidity—that's where art comes in—into another lot of useful material. With a little practice you will soon be able to have enough accidents to last for the course of an ordinary war. Always remember that much is forgiven to an—apparently—irresponsible ass that would be heavily jumped on by the authorities if you were to betray your brilliance.

As for the Intelligent Forecast, that expert summary, and last refuge of literary style at the Front, that fled home for life to the retired colonels, and to the ample arms of a famous weekly leader where, to the solacing of public apprehension and with a courageous indifference to corroboration by ensuing events, it sustained a hearty and heartening flow of sanguine prognostics.

Then wars' records take us through Japan's invasion of Manchukuo—a precedent to be followed by Italy in Abyssinia, to Spain's internal embarrassments. Through all this may still be traced the figure of the special correspondent gleaning scant sheaves on the field of news in the wake of Reuter's harvest machine and astutely-coloured government bulletins.

For Reuter's, be it said, there was something of the old touch in the way the first Spanish news came through. Their correspondent in Madrid, Mr. John Allwork, to whose ingenuity it was due, was entertaining some guests, and discussing word of disturbance in the south. To these entered three Spanish officers, now on Franco's staff. "Reuter's agent, I believe?" remarked one. "Well, I'll be seeing you presently."

For the war correspondent, putting two and two together makes four—sometimes. Mr. Allwork dispatched an innocent wire to his office: "Uncle Charlie died to-night."

Back came the reply: "In heaven's name what Uncle Charlie? Respect the potency of Spanish wines." Or words to that effect.

The cryptic response opened a little touchily: "Reference Spanish wines irrelevant stop impossible clarify till lawyer arrives ex south stop essential cable more money urgent Uncle Charlie undoubtedly dead."

When a Reuter's correspondent cables his office "Please send me £50" it does not rouse a ripple on the surface of world news. Framed as above it is an ultimatum that means "If you don't send me lots and lots of money you'll miss a big thing."

Four hours later the Madrid Government announced a serious revolt, and changed three times in twenty four hours.

"THIS BOOK IS OF MOUNTGRACE"

An Inscription Found within the Autobiography of Margery Kempe Draws Attention to Yorkshire's Great Carthusian Priory, One of the Few Important Relics of the Order in this Country

WHEN the discovery was made, three years ago, of the lost manuscript "The Booke of Margery Kempe" it was found that the volume had once belonged to the library of the Priory of Mountgrace in Yorkshire. On the fly leaf was written "This boke is of montegrace." Margery Kempe had been known from the extracts taken from her book, and printed by Wynkyn de Worde about 1501, but the book from which the extracts came had completely disappeared.

The identification of the manuscript volume in a private library in Lancashire was of great literary interest, for it proved to be not merely the mystical contemplations of a medieval recluse, as had been imagined, but the very human autobiography of a religious enthusiast who moved among the busy life of her day. As the earliest autobiography, written in English, it is of great importance.

EACH MONK DWELT APART AT MOUNTGRACE PRIORY, each having a small house such as this in which to pursue his devotions and religious exercises. He left the place only for services in the church or for the weekly walk through the countryside

Where the long-lost manuscript has been for the past four centuries is not known, the present owner being only able to state that it has been in the library of his house ever since he can remember. He suggests that as his family has always been Catholic, that possibly the monks of Mountgrace gave the book to one of his ancestors at the Dissolution in the hope of preserving it. It certainly was at one time in the monks' library, and doubtless remained there till 1536, when the priory was dissolved, along with all the smaller monasteries.

DOORWAY TO A MONK'S HOUSE showing the L-shaped hatch through which food was passed by one of the lay brothers

Mountgrace is not among the well-known monasteries, yet it lies within a two-hour drive from Harrogate through lovely scenery.

The Priory of Mountgrace belonged to the Carthusian Order, the most ascetic and removed from the world of all the orders. There were never more than nine Carthusian establishments in England, most of which have vanished almost completely, leaving only Mountgrace to show by its general layout and extensiveness of ruins what a Carthusian monastery was like.

The Priory lies right under the Arncliffe Woods which tower above, great beeches clothing the steep slope. A peaceful quiet spot for men who desired solitude, no sound but of the wind in the trees, or the song of many birds. Though much of the church remains, with its central tower, it is the great cloister which is of outstanding interest, for it is there that one can picture something of the hermit life of the inmates. The whole area of the cloister is complete with the doorways to the separate cells and enough of the walls to show the form of each monk's dwelling.

The object of a Carthusian monk was not merely to live a retired life away from the turmoil of the world, but to isolate himself as far as possible from his fellow beings. His cell was his home into which no one entered, and which he only left for services in the church and the weekly walk.

Each monk looked after his own quarters, which consisted of four rooms and a small garden. His mattress was made of straw covered with sackcloth or goat skin.

B. H.

PLACE OF CONTEMPLATION: The little courtyard outside one of the monk's houses at Mountgrace

Drawings by Percy Home

THE GREAT CLOISTERED COURTYARD OF MOUNTGRACE showing the remains of the monks' houses and the church tower with the Arncliffe woods in the background. It is a strangely isolated and beautiful setting, so much off the beaten track, however, that it is known to comparatively few

13,000,000 MILK BOTTLES LOST EVERY YEAR

Public Carelessness that Sets a Problem for British Dairies

On left—
THE GOOD HOUSEWIFE puts her empty milk bottles on the step in time for the milk roundsman to collect, but judging by a recent report, there are thousands of careless people who do not bother to give all the bottles back, leave them in parks when picnicking, throw them in dustbins, or break a large proportion. The position has become so serious that the average life of a milk bottle is estimated to be only thirty days and as a result the British distributors have to carry a stock of 250,000,000 bottles which have cost them in the neighbourhood of £3,000,000

TO RELIEVE THE SITUATION an organisation known as the Milk Vessels Recovery Association, to which most of the bigger distributors belong, is engaged in the task of collecting as many discarded bottles as possible and in restoring them to their rightful owners. Here we see the sorting department at the M.V.R.A.

AN INSPECTOR OF THE MILK VESSELS RECOVERY ASSOCIATION examining a roundsman's bottles to make sure that he has none belonging to another firm of distributors. If any are found steps are taken to see they are restored to their rightful owners

40,000 BOTTLES A DAY are dealt with in this sterilising machine at the M.V.R.A. headquarters. It is so designed that it can take pint and half-pint sizes at the same time. *Below*—Sterilised bottles being loaded on to a van on being returned to the distributing firm owning them

THE BIG ROUND UP: One of the vans employed by the Milk Vessels Recovery Association in the task of collecting bottles and afterwards delivering them to their owners. They collect them from many sources, but particularly from the local authorities which gather tens of thousands of bottles in the dust vans each year

LAST year 3,000,000 milk bottles were recovered from local authorities after being deliberately discarded in dustbins or in parks and playing fields. This state of affairs, a direct result of public carelessness, is adding immensely to the cost of milk distribution, and it is little wonder that prices remain high. The Milk Vessels Recovery Association, the work of which is depicted on this page, helps to restore the debit balance somewhat, but it can account for only a limited proportion of the wastage. Attempts have been made in the past to introduce the deposit system but, on account of competition, certain dairymen refused to co-operate. As a consequence the plan had to be dropped. Some people, it is said, deliberately hoard milk bottles, though for what reason is not apparent, while others, often the fairly well-to-do, thoughtlessly allow them to accumulate

IT'S SO COMPACT

Why waste valuable space in your not-too-large kitchen with a cooker and separate hot water boiler, when you can obtain the two combined in one compact unit less than 4 feet wide? The unit illustrated below has been specially designed for the smaller residence, and though it takes up little space, its performance is on a par with many larger cookers. It has roomy ovens and a large top-plate, is always ready day and night (continuously burning), simple to use and easily kept spotless. Besides giving every facility for the best possible cooking results, this unit provides an ample supply of domestic hot water. The Water Heater is available with a visible fire for those who prefer a cheerful fire in the kitchen. One advantage of the ESSE MINOR Cooker with Water Heater is that only one chimney is required; there are no unsightly flues. Come and see a demonstration of this attractive unit at our Conduit Street Showrooms, or write for full particulars to THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY, (Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood Ltd. Est. 1854) Bonnybridge, Scotland, or 63 Conduit Street, London, W.1.

THE ESSE COOKER

ESSE

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE ARE DOING

THIS ENGLAND! The smiling soldier, home from a spell of duty in Egypt, and his child were well wrapped up against the November cold on disembaring from the troopship *Lancashire* at Southampton a few days ago

SHE'S GROWING UP: Princess Margaretha, elder daughter of Prince Gustav Adolf, heir presumptive to the Swedish throne, pictured on her third birthday. Her great-grandfather is King Gustav V, Sweden's veteran monarch

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH BECOME MAYOR AND MAYORESS OF WOODSTOCK: Standing on the Town Hall steps and wearing their chains of office after participating in the swearing-in ceremony in this Oxfordshire borough last week. The Duke, whose father held the same office exactly thirty years ago, is shaking hands with the retiring Mayor, Councillor Cyril Morris

A BIG ADVENTURE: Mrs. John Drinkwater, widow of the great dramatist, is starting out at the end of this month on a concert tour with her male string orchestra and her engagements may quite possibly take her right round the world. She invariably uses her maiden name of Daisy Kennedy for her concert work

IT WAS TOUCH AND GO: The cameraman had to act with lightning speed to take this picture of these four beautiful white Persians at the Paris Cat Show. They would pose only for a split second on the pedestal prepared for them and even then quite evidently needed the restraining hand of their mistress

"FITNESS WINS" was the motto emblazoned on the jerseys of members of the Women's League of Health and Beauty, who last week provided propaganda for the National Fitness Campaign by taking part in the Lord Mayor's Show, marching from Guildhall to the Law Courts and back again. Their neat costumes attracted much attention

SKI SCHOOLS OF THOUGHT

Brightness for those who are out of the novice class. A wind jacket in white, red, blue, or yellow double-proofed poplin zipped down the front opening and the side pockets. They come from Harrods, cost 47s. 6d., and are worn with navy or black gabardine trousers, also zipped, with Lastex at the ankles. These cost 39s. 6d. The amusing cap, scarf, and gloves in gay colours, cost 29s. 6d. the set

Completely practical, admirably cut, a ski-suit for novice or expert, since it is perfect in every detail. In all wool proofed navy serge, the jacket has two pleats and a half belt at the back, with four zip fastened pockets across the front. The trousers, which zip at the sides, have elastic at the ankles. In all sizes, it costs 7 guineas. The ski-shirt in red or almost every other colour has a thonged collar and breast pocket and costs 18s. 9d. An extra 12s. 6d. buys the cap, with its soft stitched peak and its back flap, which can be worn up or down, and another 4s. 11d. the two-coloured gloves, smart as paint. All these items come from Harrods, of Knightsbridge

- Practicability wins the highest marks, of course, as it always must, for sports clothes. But after such primary considerations as complete protection from winds and snow—whether one is in an upright position or not—freedom of movement, and the comfort of one's hands and feet, there is still plenty of room for diversity. Any shop that specialises in winter sports kit will give you all the practical advice you can want.

- If you can get away for only about two weeks amid the snows, do not worry. It is amazing how rapidly one can learn to ski these days. The whole art of teaching has been speeded up, and if, before you leave, you visit an indoor ski school in London or go in for a course of limbering-up exercises you will find that you are making grand progress by the end of the first week.

- Your suit will either have long trousers, gripped firmly about the ankles, or you can wear plus fours. Blue, black, or brown is your most probable choice, with green as the starred colour for this season. Take several cap, scarf, and glove sets; have a collection of shirts varying from light cellular affairs to heavy sweaters, and do not forget the decorative value of wide canvas belts, vividly embroidered.

- You will probably spend the whole day in your ski suit. You will even dance at tea-time in your heavy boots. But if you can find room for it you will find that a lounging suit will greatly add to your comfort. Just light-weight slacks, with a tweed jacket and a scarf.

- For the rest—a trim travelling coat worn over a plaid skirt and a plain jacket. Plenty of dance frocks. Snow bootees to wear over your evening slippers. A fur coat for evening parties. And the most efficient sun-glasses money can buy.

"SCOTCH"
STANDS FOR

SPEY ROYAL
GILBEY'S
TEN-YEAR-OLD-WHISKY

The WORLD *of* BOOKS:

John Masefield may Shock Hunting Folk in His New Novel— Elmer Rice Produces a Heavyweight—Freya Stark Disappoints

A. J. CRONIN OFF TO AMERICA: The author of *The Citadel*, that best seller among best sellers that has given the medical profession and the general public cause for thought, pictured in the dining car of the *Queen Mary* boat train at Waterloo when he left for the U.S. last week. As a stylist he may not be quite in the front rank, but the swift power of his stories has won him a deservedly prominent place in the affections of the reading public

Reviewed by

VERNON FANE

ONE need not echo the surprise of the gossip writer that the poet should also be a novelist, and the novelist the Poet Laureate. It may be unsavoury to all good democrats but the social status is still so constituted that the poet, to survive, is needy for a patron, and even in the most exalted office a meed of sack—or is it a sack of mead?—may not, like patriotism, be enough.

Luckily there are to hand those generous devourers of current literature, library subscribers. No poet, said the sage of the Five Towns, can write bad prose (thus turning someone overnight into a best seller). Certainly Mr. Masefield cannot write a bad novel. In a less anachronistic State he might well be Novelist Laureate; that is to say if the Prime Minister of those days could forgive him the implications of the title of *Odtaa*.

Neither with titles nor with plots nor even with his choice of adjectives has Mr. Masefield ever lacked courage. He must have known—surely someone has told him — that beautifully illustrated editions of *Reynard the Fox* are apt to lie about on occasional tables in Leicestershire. He must also know that in those shires, and indeed in most of England's counties, it is as dangerous to make fun of or in any way attack the sport of fox-hunting as it is to criticise the educational establishments of Eton and Harrow, to make fun of kindness to animals or the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Why, in **THE SQUARE PEG** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) the Poet Laureate actually causes his hero to shoot a fox. True, it was an exhausted fox and the Hunt were trespassing on property, his property, from which he had debarred them, even though hounds had drawn those coverts ever since fox-hunting first began. Worse still, the fox having been despatched, he threatens to shoot the Hunt as well, which intentions are treated with respect since he is not only an armaments manufacturer but himself an inventor of a new type of gun.

Wherein Mr. Masefield refuses the sop to any popularly minded Cerberus, for armament manufacturers are not in themselves notoriously a popular class, and the people most calculated to agree with him about the moronic attributes of foxhunters are not likely any the more kindly to take to armament manufacturers, whether lovers of the arts or not.

Frampton Mansell had all the intolerance and none of the mock humility of a self-made man. When he decided to settle in some of the finest hunting country in England he was quickly at loggerheads with the county, most of whom he looked upon as wastrels and fools. The handling of all this calls for robust writing and there assuredly is no better pen than Mr. Masefield's for the job. If the Poet Laureate is less sure with his hero's love affairs, and particularly with his ballet dancer, we may forgive the invention for the necessity of a love interest.

In sense, scene, or sentiment, I cannot imagine anything further away from the foregoing than Mr. Elmer Rice's **IMPERIAL CITY** (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.). That city, you may have guessed from the author's name and reputation, is New York.

In presenting an opus of *Gone-With-The-Wind* magnitude to an English public, the author has the additional difficulty of presenting an unfamiliar scene—a strange, social life and political standards that are different in even the mildest reckoning. It is all very well to say that the New York skyline, the American language and accent have already familiarised the bulk of our countrymen with these standards through the cinema; it simply isn't true.

So many characters march through the pages of Mr. Elmer Rice's eighty-three chapters that it would take a real genius to make them understood by the English-thinking section of the English-speaking world.

Mr. Rice is no Dickens, and if, in the vernacular, he has made a swell job of the millionaire Coleman family, and has given us besides some pretty realistic glimpses into New York's underworld, he does not —for one reader at least—carry the sense of conviction beyond the speaking parts and the stage directions necessary to his drama. One has the uncomfortable feeling that in all this large-scale action and meticulous character-drawing there is meant to be an inner vision; an inexorable movement to the dramatic climax. Fate and inevitability seem to be astir somewhere, but force and violence and catastrophic human clashes are surely not enough for an audience which knows neither the words nor the music of Al Smith's famous ditty.

Books of short stories are apt to be books of short stories, that is to say collections of short fictions originally designed to appear in the pages of magazines to whom the author usually bows his acknowledgment and thanks.

THE PIECES OF A FAN (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.) is no exception. Mr. Vincent Sheean delighted a large public with his *Personal History*, has tried his hand at an historical novel in *San Felice*, and gives further proof of his versatility with this volume of magazine stories.

Undeniably Mr. Sheean has a writing gift, a healthy respect for the humanities and some independence of outlook. I have no doubt that he would be the first to admit that short-story writing is an art not easily mastered by successful autobiographists or even novelists. That does not mean to say that a man having won success in one literary sphere may not legitimately fall for the importunings of magazine editors. That these are good stories is vouched for by the imposing list of those periodicals in which they have appeared. The reviewer cannot usefully add much more.

As one of those for whom Miss Freya Stark's *Valley of the Assassins* and *Southern Gates of Arabia* were real oases in a wilderness of deciduous mediocrity I must admit to turning eagerly to her latest book, **BAGHDAD SKETCHES** (Murray. 12s. 6d.). I must confess too, to a shade of disappointment for it is inevitable that some of the freshness and vitality should be missing from this compilation, since all but a few of the pieces are early work, reprinted from the *Baghdad Times* of about six years ago.

Miss Stark is of course too conscious an artist not to impart a homogeneity to this book which began, quite obviously, as a series of casual jottings. There is no slackness in technique, just as there is no falling-off in the keenness of her observation when originally it was set down.

There is further evidence here, if such evidence be needed, that Miss Stark not only loves the East, but that her passion springs from wisdom and deep understanding.

This shines forth best when that about which she is writing is touched, if only momentarily, by Western vulgarity. See with what shrewd touches she rebukes and demolishes both the sensation-hunting and the sentimental traveller. There is something about Arabia that bestows a touch of greatness upon a rare type of English men and women. Hester Stanhope, T. E. Lawrence, Gertrude Bell, Doughty (the greatest of them all) all imbued if you like with that divine folly sufficient to make them eccentric in their countrymen's eyes.

Without any shadow of doubt Miss Freya Stark has her place in such a roll call, and I doubt if any one of them could have been so inspired a photographer.

Heretofore the present Spanish war has not produced a book which so significantly deals with the story and the sufferings of men and women whose lives were suddenly disrupted by an upheaval which the large majority would have wished to avoid. Mr. Elliot Paul, in **THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A SPANISH TOWN** (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.), has attempted to set down the experiences of a number of very ordinary people who wished only to be left alone with their own sturdy sense of independence and desire to fulfil their lives on earth and sea, but found themselves suddenly plunged into events which brought violence and suffering in their wake.

These simple people belong to the town of Santa Eulalia, a little port on the coast of one of the smaller of the Balearic Islands—Iviza. Mr. Paul writes of them as friends and intimates—fishermen, farmers, labourers—simple folk, yet all of them imbued with an independence and integrity which qualities seem to be the heritage of men indigenous to these islands. He knows them so well that he writes easily as one of themselves; and it was natural that when the revolution broke out he found himself enlisting with them against the rebel military commander and his foreign allies, as well as against the rabble of clergy, local shopkeepers, and *bourgeoisie*. In the fight which followed there were some critical times, only relieved when a Government expedition arrived to free them. Their hopes, however, were doomed almost in the hour of success. It is a tragic story, beautifully told.

BOOKS RECEIVED

COUNTRY LIFE LTD. — A HUNDRED GRAND NATIONALS. By T. H. Bird. Illustrated. 15s. RIVER TO RIVER: A Fisherman's Pilgrimage. By Stephen Gwynn. Illustrated by Roy Beddington. 10s. 6d. RHYMES OF AN IRISH HUNTSMAN. By Stanilaus Lynch. Illustrated. 15s. YOUTH AT THE ZOO. By Nina Scott Langley. 10s. 6d. VICTORIAN STREET BALLADS. Edited by W. Henderson. 7s. 6d. J. CURWEN & SON, LTD.—THE TECHNIQUE OF GOOD SPEECH. By Kate Emil-Behnke. 7s. 6d. PETER DAVIES. — THE INSCRIPTION OVER THE GATE. By H. R. Wackrill. 5s. DENT.—THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER. By L. A. G. Strong. Illustrated. 5s. THE LONDON ZOO. By E. G. Boulenger. Illustrated. 5s. TO MEET THE SPRING: A Book of Travel and Discursion. By Basil Collier. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. LOVAT DICKSON.—HANGED BY A COMMA. By E. Stewart Fay. 8s. 6d. THE VELVET DEER. By Caroline Seaford. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. THE PAINTED BED. By Helen Nicholson. 7s. 6d. MEN OF GOOD WILL: The Depths and the Heights. By Jules Romains. 10s. 6d. DUCKWORTH. — GET YOUR MAN—AND KEEP HIM. By Anne Hirst. 2s. 6d. STUDIES OF BRITISH BIRDS. Written and illustrated by "Fish-Hawk." 15s. FAIN WOULD I CHANGE. By Frances Harris. 7s. 6d. SADDLES AGAIN. By Will H. Ogilvie. 7s. 6d. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—BRIDLE AND BRUSH: Reminiscences of an Artist Sportsman. By George Denholm Armour. Illustrated. 25s. SEEN FROM THE SADDLE. By Lionel Edwards. R.I. Illustrated. 15s. GOLLANCZ.—THE ADVENTURES OF THE LITTLE PIG AND OTHER STORIES. By F. Le Gros and Ida Clark. 3s. 6d. ZIGZAG. By W. F. R. Macartney. 12s. 6d. YOGA EXPLAINED. By F. Yeats-Brown. Illustrated 7s. 6d. IMPERIAL CITY. By Elmer Rice. 10s. 6d. GRAYSON & GRAYSON.—GUN COTTON IN MEXICO. By Rupert Grayson. 7s. 6d. HARRAP.—TASTE AND FASHION FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION UNTIL TO-DAY. By James Laver. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. HAMISH HAMILTON.—SKYE HIGH: The Record of a Tour Through Scotland in the Wake of Samuel Johnson and James Boswell. By Hesketh Pearson and Hugh Kingsmill. 12s. 6d. MADE ON EARTH: A Panorama of Marriage. Edited by Hugh Kingsmill. With decorations. 10s. 6d. THE 1937 NEW YORKER ALBUM. 10s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—AN INFAMOUS ARMY. By Georgette Heyer. 8s. 6d. CAROLINE ENGLAND. By Noel Streatfeild. 7s. 6d. RECAPTURE THE MOON. By Sylvia Thompson. 8s. 6d. THE PURPLE PARROT. By Clyde B. Clason. 7s. 6d. CHILD ROYAL. By D. K. Broster. 7s 6d. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—PERICLES. By Compton Mackenzie. 18s. EVEREST: The Unfinished Adventure. By Hugh Ruttledge. 25s. DEATH SAYS GOOD MORNING. By John Oliver Mavo. 7s. 6d. A STRANGER AND A SOJOURNER. By Nora K. Smith. 8s. 6d. HUTCHINSON.—DRIFTING TO WAR. By Sir Malcolm Campbell. 5s.

In addition to the books reviewed above, the Editor also draws the attention of readers to the following new publications:—

And Then Came War, by A. C. Delacour de Brisay. *(Ivor Nicholson and Watson)*: This outline of the events leading up to the tragedy of 1914–18 is published at an opportune time, for there must be a host of young men and women of the new generation now coming of age who want a clear exposition such as this to help them place the course of events in truer perspective. Many will disagree with some passages, as naturally they must, but it is clear that the author has spared no pains in the collation of his facts and in the attempt to eliminate all that bears the stamp of undue bias.

Father Coldstream, by Julian Duguid. *(Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.)*: A tale of the Jesuits in South America in the eighteenth century, vividly portraying the courage and the cruelty with which their faith inspired them and the dangers to which they were exposed in attempts to convert the natives.

(Continued on page 336)

This England . . .

The valley of the West Allen, Cumberland

THERE are those among the younger people (indeed there have always been) who like to scoff at tradition. Yet are they among the foremost to profit by its counsels and its guidance. For tradition is in some sort the memory of trials and errors in the past—and without his memory man is not much. Unconscious of this guidance are we most often, because it springs of simple things so interwoven with our daily round that they seem no older than last week's winding of the clocks. Your Worthington is one of these—so old in its manner of making, so new (and so acceptable) to each generation of young men it sustains.

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CURIOSITIES AND HUMOURS OF LONDON'S TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

(Continued from page 316)

to call itself the S. Kensington Cleaning Company, but this would take them to another page altogether.

All told, there are nearly 18,000 people who are ex-directory—in other words, do not have their names in the telephone book for one reason or another, usually a personal one. The telephone people do their best to dissuade them because their lack of inclusion involves a great deal of extra work for telephone operators when baffled subscribers try to find the number. Unfortunately for the Post Office, subscribers cannot be compelled to have their names in the telephone book.

Many of the 18,000 are celebrities, like Bernard Shaw, who do not wish to be bothered by casual telephone calls. Others have the same name as radio stars, like Jack Payne, for example, or Doris Arnold, which is a great nuisance for them. Occasionally ex-directory subscribers ask to be put back into the book. Only the other day a woman wrote to say that she had lost her cat and wished to be immediately put back in the directory, in the hopes that the finder would at once restore it.

I will end with the first London Telephone Directory in existence. This was revised and brought up to date in 1880, nine months after the first exchange was opened. There were then seven exchanges in London. These were Coleman Street, Leadenhall House, Palace Chambers, Law Court Chambers, Leather Exchange, Hop Exchange, and East India Avenue. The telephone numbers were always followed by a letter of the alphabet. Thus, the first name in the telephone book is that of Adams John and James and Company, 11 Pudding Lane, E.C., 156a.

I note that the proud telephone number of 1a belonged to Agelasto A. and Company, Southsea House, Threadneedle Street. (To-day I can only see an S. Agelasto with a private telephone number in Gloucester Terrace.) The original subscribers were practically all business houses. In fact, a cursory glance through the original directory does not seem to disclose any private subscibers at all. All told, there must have been fewer than 830 subscribers in all London. No wonder nerves were practically unknown in those days and nobody ever got the jitters.

FRANCE NEEDS HER FOREIGNERS

(Continued from page 312)

The Poles are mostly miners, and 80 per cent. work at pit bottom, which the French miners fight shy of. Lens has been called the Polish capital, and has its own Polish newspapers, banks, shops, institutes, schools, churches. Yet this is common to the country, as a whole. I have passed through whole Italian villages round Albi.

To establish itself in this last district, and presumably elsewhere, a family must show £100 (at present rates), and for naturalisation a man or woman must prove three years uninterrupted residence in France, that taxes have been met, and that the applicant is of good health. If one has married a Frenchwoman or helped France, one requires but a year's residence.

The Poles are now concentrating greatly in the centre, while the Belgians, from agriculture in the north, are gravitating across Normandy to Brittany. The Italians are also great masons, and are said to have rebuilt most of the Riviera "for Mussolini." There are 170,000 Italians in Marseilles alone. But figures are so dull. I shall merely say that most foreigners are in the Seine (Paris) area, about 400,000. Next, Bouches-du-Rhône, 250,000; then the Nord, 175,000; follows the Pas de Calais with 140,000; the Alpes Maritimes with 115,000. The last figure (Riviera) surprises with its smallness. The Lozère department has only 450 *étrangers*. And that is that, for figures.

No, it isn't, dash it. . . .

Only 10,000 industrial workers are now being admitted annually against 70,000 agriculturists. And what about the several hundred thousand resident foreigners who haven't labour permits either for land or town? Well, they must be dismissed briefly. No country has more foreign *rentiers* than France, or aliens who do a spot of work on the side-lines and carry on unbeknown to the dossier merchants. Many of the vast number of political exiles and refugees also come in this category of foreigners without labour permits. Incidentally, if these fugitives—White Russians, German Communists, Italian anti-Fascists, Trotskyists, wandering Hebrews, Spanish extremists—kept to scrapping among themselves, which they freely do, it wouldn't be so bad. But their various activities for or against this and that foreign government can clearly be less and less tolerated in the showdown times in which France increasingly finds herself together with the rest of us.

France needs her foreigners more than ever she did, what she also needs is a real, sound cleansing of them.

CONTINUATIONS

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(Continued from page 334)

With the Corners Off, by Commander A. B. Campbell. *(Harrap. 8s. 6d.)*: This man of many adventures, known to millions of wireless listeners by reason of his vivid broadcast talks, here tells the story of a life on land and sea that has been one long series of thrills.

Germany and World Peace, by Sven Hedin. *(Hutchinson and Company. 15s.)*: In this book a distinguished explorer makes an exhaustive survey of political, social, and economic conditions in the Reich. He is of the opinion that unless Germany is given back her colonies she will go to war.

Robespierre, by Friedrich Sieburg. *(Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d.)*: In his life men argued whether he sullied the French Revolution or exalted it; whether he benefited France or wronged her; whether he was the greatest and noblest of his age or a morbid shedder of blood. Here the biographer does much to bring the facts into perspective in a book as notable for its balance as for fine writing.

Bare Knee Days, by F. Haydn Dimmock. *(Boriswood. 12s. 6d.)*: The author of this exhilarating autobiography is the editor of *The Scout* and has himself grown up with the movement, having, save for the period when the war claimed him, an unbroken record of service since 1909. The book is full of good anecdotes.

Australian Landfall, by Egon Erwin Kisch. *(Martin Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.)*: A racy and humorous slice of autobiography by a reporter who became the subject of national comment and speculation when he visited the Commonwealth in 1934.

Antipodean Journey, by Margaret L. Macpherson. *(Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.)*: The author tells of a big-game hunt in the journalistic jungle of Australasia, and it is quite evident that she has returned with an interesting bag of adventures, opinions, personalities, and anecdotes.

Freelance Pilot, by Norman Macmillan. *(Heinemann. 15s.)*: A readable account of exciting personal adventures in aviation's early pioneering days.

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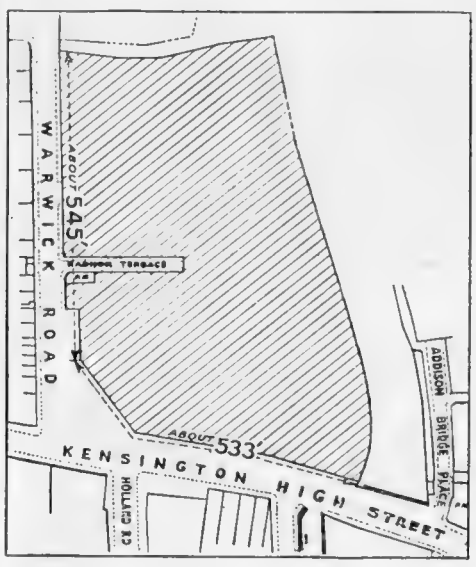

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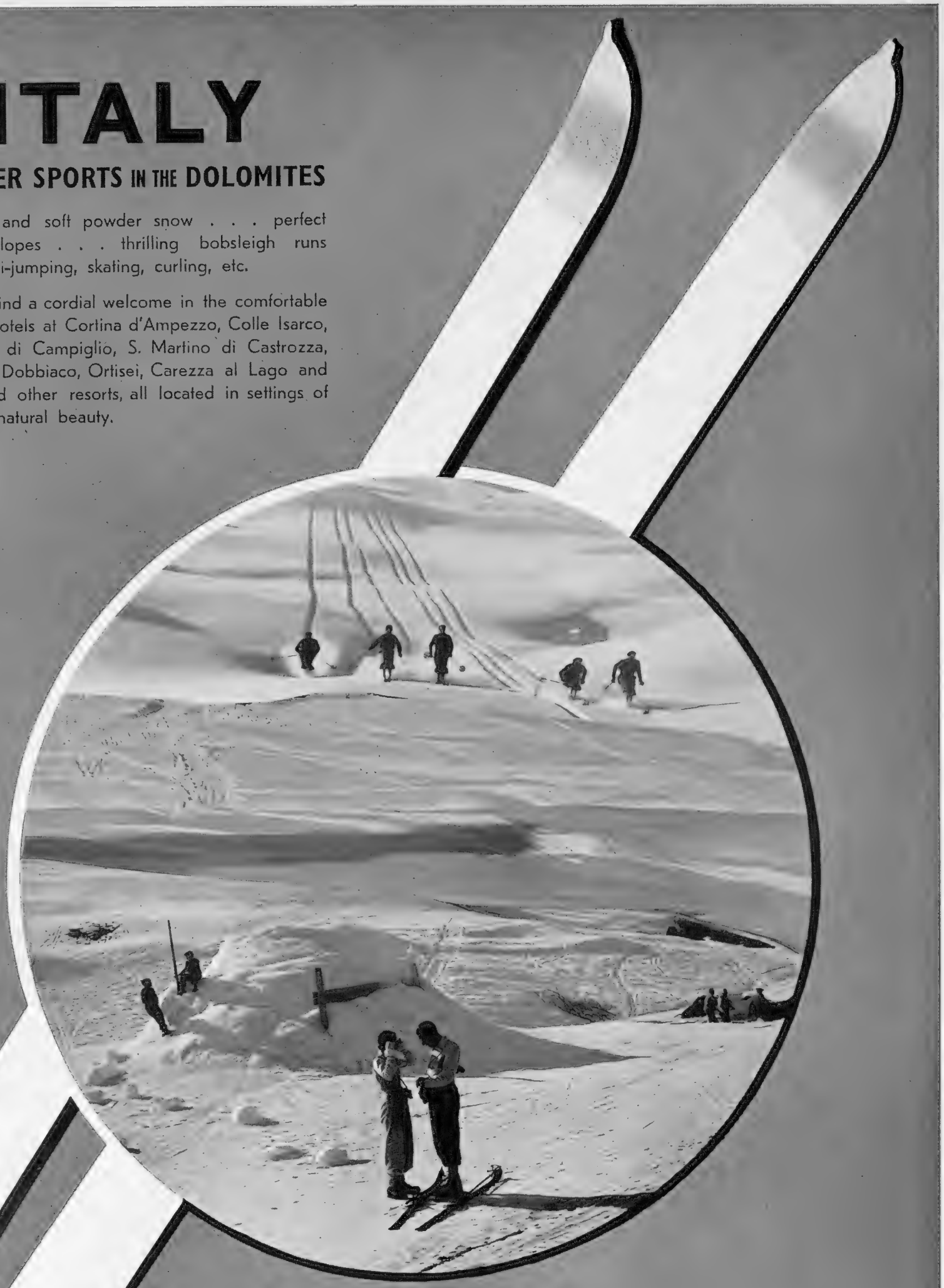

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ST. MORITZ BY NIGHT: The Swiss winter sports capital

THE GLAMOUR OF THE SNOW

Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, France, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Canada, and the United States all claim their quota of Winter Sports Enthusiasts

THIS article might have begun in one of several ways. Of these I reject the "seasonal" opening which depicts the last tattered autumn crocus withering before the first snowfall, while nature in the alpine meadows dozes ever deeper under its winter blanket. I dismiss, too, what may be termed the "picturesque" gambit—the peasants splendidly bronzed by the sun of the past summer, and suitably dressed, driving down an harmonious herd of cows to their winter quarters; and I hesitate at the prospect of yet a third possibility, that of taking you on the journey to the mountains from the bustle at Victoria Station to the awakening to a white world.

These openings I despise because I have found in a story under the above title, a title which I have brazenly pinched from Mr. Algernon Blackwood, everything of the several worlds in which the visitor to the mountains in winter may mingle (and of another which, perhaps, existed only in the mind of the central figure) exquisitely suggested. It is not my place to try to retell a superbly narrated story.

Perhaps, though, you will allow me to remind you of how the hero, a person capable of taking a detached view of things, found himself not entirely in sympathy with the visitors who thronged the village from abroad or with its inhabitants, though he liked the high spirits of the first and the simplicity of the others. And, you may remember how in this frame of mind he became fascinated by the very spirit of winter, and a spirit in a very attractive form, and thereby came into great danger. But you must read the story yourselves before you go abroad this winter. It illustrates, better than I could ever hope to do, the spell of winter in the mountains.

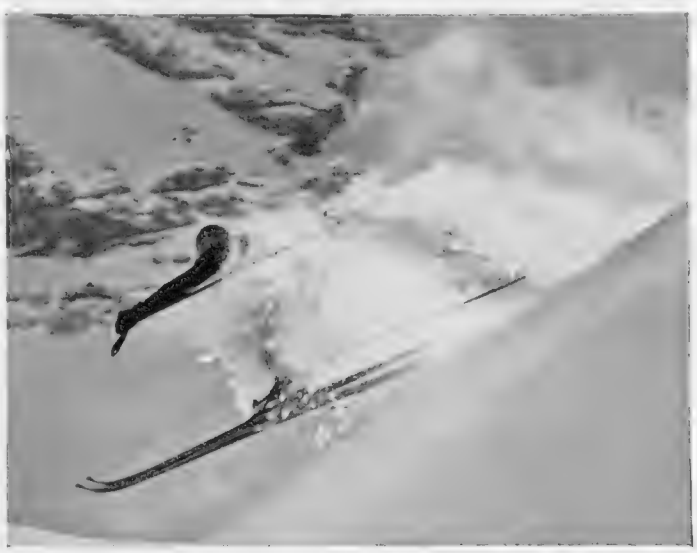
Norway should first be mentioned because they were Norwegians who invented the ski which was introduced to Switzerland by the English. From its mountainous terrain and latitude Norway must rank always high among winter sports countries. It does not lack for snow; the scenery is magnificent. Have you who have admired its waterfalls in summer considered how splendid they must look when frozen into a series of magnificent icicles. And, apart from the opportunities for sport and the scenery, Norway's people are as kindly and hospitable as they are handsome. For the Nordic enthusiast there can be no better country to visit than the home of the Vikings.

Then from Norway and Sweden, the latter a country not to be despised in the category of which I speak, I would in my mind's eye cross the Baltic and, noting after the plains of Germany and Poland are passed that there are some growing resorts on Poland's southern frontier, come to the most easterly European country where winter sports are organised on the grand scale. I have not seen the High Tatra Mountains under their white mantle, but I can vouch for their magnificent scenery in summer. Their majesty in winter must be terrific. Certainly Czechoslovakia must be reckoned with among the various countries who have capitalised their snows. Not forgetting to revisit wonderful Prague on the way, we pass westwards.

Austria is a favourite in winter or summer. Later as a starter than Switzerland in the development of her winter resorts she is now in the first rank in this respect. In particular the Austrians are noted for the ease with which they make friends with strangers, and this is a strong attraction to people who like to mix with the inhabitants of the countries they visit. There is also the great advantage of many of the winter sports centres being within easy reach of such towns as Innsbruck, Salzburg, and the capital.

Over the Austrian border Bavaria can boast some very attractive centres for every kind of winter sport. The Black Forest is lovely at all seasons and not least when the trees are set off by the snow. There is a cheerful heartiness in the character of the people which appeals to many as strongly as the Austrian *gemütlichkeit*, and at the German resorts you will not lack for excellent snow or beer.

OUTSPAN: Preparing to picnic after an arduous climb up fir-clad slopes. Then comes the thrill and the exhilaration of the downhill run



SPEED: Careering down the steep ski-ing slope in a whirl of snow

No one needs to be told that Switzerland is queen among winter sports countries. Apart from the delights which she offers, the country must always rank dear as the first to which English people flocked in any considerable numbers for winter sports. The quantity of the places at which one may stay, their variety in elevation and specialisation in the different forms of sport, from ice-yachting and horse-racing on the lakes to the bobsleigh and the Cresta, are bewildering.

The answer to the question is to decide upon what one wants beforehand; every taste is catered for, not only in the way of the particular sport in which one intends to indulge, but also as regards degrees of size of resort and degree of comfort. It is as easy to find the simple village inn as it is to book rooms (provided that you book well ahead) in the big hotel with the set programme every evening. It goes without saying that there must be something dreadfully wrong with you if you fail to enjoy yourself at either.

Italy has such a wide sweep of mountains on her northern borders that she is particularly fortunate in the number of resorts among which you may choose. There is really a superabundance of Alps upon which to slide and tumble from the Ligurian to the slopes below Monte Rosa, the Alps of Bergamo and Trentino.

And so we come to France. Unlike most other countries where winter sports are the rule they can, in France, be indulged in in several distinct areas. There are Savoy on the Swiss frontier, the Alpes Maritimes within reach of the Riviera, and the Pyrences. Each of these districts has characteristics peculiar to itself. For the Francophil who still wants something as closely akin to Switzerland as possible Savoy is probably most suitable.

Poland and Sweden I have mentioned in passing. I would like to recommend the former to those who want something out of the ordinary. In Sweden the extent of the lakes permits of ice-yachting on a scale impossible elsewhere. This is a thrilling sport and one which probably enables one to attain a greater speed by non-mechanical means than any other. Another country coming to the fore is Yugoslavia where, in the Slovene mountains there are springing up several attractive resorts. The skier on Mount Orjen may within an hour or so be bathing in the warm sea at Dubrovnik.

A short excursion across the Atlantic concludes my general review of winter sports centres. Canada has probably the greatest per cent of skiers in her population of any large country. In the U.S.A. too there are some excellently run resorts with all the latest things in snow-lore—as one would expect.

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SWISS PLAYGROUNDS

ABOVE DAVOS: Looking down from the heights after a heavy fall of snow. A big programme has been arranged at this Swiss resort for the coming winter season

The Leading Resorts . . .

IF the name of Switzerland means "winter sports" to most people surely that of St. Moritz will come first to their lips in the catalogue of famous resorts. It was before the birth of the majority of us that the first Swiss skis were tried out at St. Moritz and the famous Cresta run celebrated its jubilee three years ago. The place is the oldest friend to the English visitor in winter; yet even to its habitués it has something new to offer this year. For instance the sledge-funicular Corviglia-Piz-Nair is new and the Piz-Nair ski-lift will carry you up 1,542 feet in eight minutes. And these are only two of the seven funiculars, ski-lifts, and railway at the service of the ski-runner, which will give you some slight idea of the many routes among which there is a choice. It goes without saying that half a century of experience has not been wasted in learning how to make the visitor comfortable and providing a programme of great variety.

Next I think that I cannot go far wrong in mentioning Arosa, where a Swiss ski school has now been established for four years. Arosa is ideal for the beginner, the expert, or for those who are content with sufficient skill to enable them to tour comfortably. The area over which one may ski is particularly large in this sheltered cup of the Plessur Valley. Abundant snow and sunshine from November to April can usually be counted upon and an excellent programme of competitions from ice hockey matches to fancy dress carnivals make Arosa's winter season a gay one.

Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son tell me that every indication goes to show that this winter season will be a bumper one. Bookings are particularly heavy and no firm can have greater experience in assessing the season's prospects. Among the favourites are Davos and Wengen.

Davos is, of course, one of the highest resorts. It has a very good programme starting with the International Ice Hockey Tournament for the Spengler and Hanseatic Cups from December 27 to December 31 to the World's Championship in Speed Skating on February 5 and February 6 and the Parsenn Derby on February 20. Wengen is particularly well equipped with mountain railways, so much so that you need never tire yourself at all before beginning the run. Here, too, there is an excellent ski school in the capable hands of Christian Rubi and the social side is extremely well organised. Wengen's season starts on December 1 and from then on there is a series of important events, for instance the Swiss Ski Championship from March 11 to March 13. While talking of events, by the way, I should not forget to mention that the Fédération Internationale ski races take place at Engelberg from March 5 to March 7.

Mürren is justly proud of its own mountain railway from Lauterbrunnen. Its position is a particularly attractive one with splendid views over mountain, glacier, and valley, and the rack-and-pinion railway and ski-lift take skiers to heights from which there is a wide choice of runs. Mürren, too, is a very pleasant place for the less vigorous type of visitor and the many fixtures of the Curling Club should appeal to those who love the roarin' game. At Klosters many improvements have been made this last summer in the ski-runs by the felling of trees. Here is the headquarters of Mardens Ski Racing Club, and the Larcet toboggan run, nearly three miles long, is very popular. Klosters is also happy in its sheltered position and freedom from fogs.

THE LONG, UPWARD SLOG: Skiers climbing the slopes at Arosa at the start of another day of activity. It is an ideal place for the beginner

Grindelwald, in the Bernese Oberland, is another place famous for its scenery. There are here facilities for every kind of winter sport from the longest bobsleigh run in Switzerland to the famous Bear Skating Rink. It is also essentially a place for every skier, whatever his degree of skill, and is proud of its social side. Grindelwald is chiefly celebrated for its two glaciers, whose "stiffened billows" are grander and wilder than Rosenlaui, but are inferior to the Rhône glacier and many others. These two glaciers descend one on each side of the Mettenberg, and supply by their melting the muddy waters of the Black Lütschine. They are the lowest projecting portions of the vast ice-field of the Bernese Alps. The lower glacier affords an excellent opportunity of witnessing glacier scenery with but little fatigue. It approaches the valley by a gorge between the Schlossberg (base of Eiger) and the Mettenberg. The ravine, it is said, was once excessively narrow, and was the only outlet for an immense mountain lake. This narrow opening was often blocked up, and devastating floods were the frequent result.

(*Continued on page 342*)

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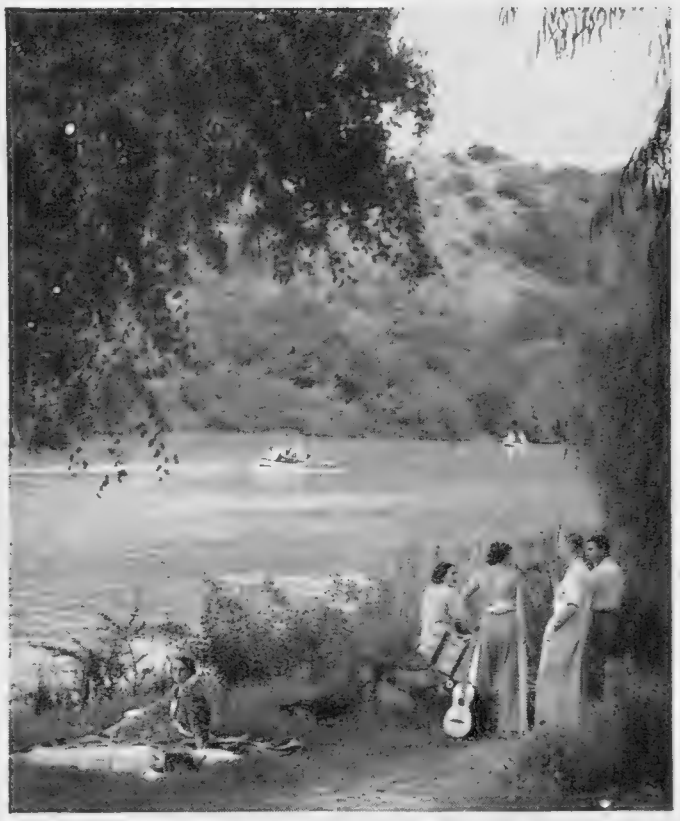

Scene at an inland resort. The Modder River near Bloemfontein

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Swiss Playgrounds

(Continued from page 340)

To remedy this state of things St. Martin came to the rescue. He pressed his back against the Mettenberg, pushed the Eiger with his staff, and lo! at one effort the ravine reached its present width. The impression made by the saint's back (*Martinsdruck*), and the hole in the Eiger made by his staff (*Martinsloch*), are pointed out to this day. Through the Martinsloch the sun shines only on March 12 and October 1, casting a bright shaft of light on the shadow of the mountain below.

THE KLOSTERS DISTRICT: A region happy in its sheltered position and in its freedom from fogs

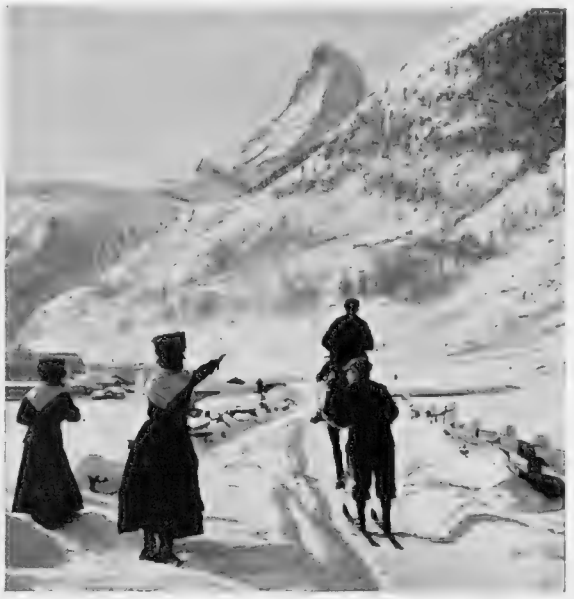
The catalogue grows apace and I must press on. Notice, though, Andermatt with its open and easy ski-ing grounds, an ideal place for the novice who will benefit later on in his career from the admirable skiers' railway and lift; Caux, famous for its ice-rinks and social season; Crans and Celerina, the former one of the smaller places which have been gaining in favour during the past few years, and delightfully placed in the middle of the Canton de Valais, and the latter a quiet place but within such easy reach of St. Moritz that all the amenities of the big resort can be enjoyed. The same recommendation applies in an equal degree to Sils Maria.

Sils is indeed one of the prettiest villages in the Engadine, lying behind a rocky hill which rises from the flat green meadow sat the entrance to the Val Fex. The house where Nietzsche resided from time to time between 1881 and 1888 is one of the show places. There is a half-mile toboggan run and several good ski slopes.

Then there are such places as Eigergletscher under the shadow of the Jungfrau, Engelberg with its splendid air-cable railway which will take you up 2,500 ft. in 20 mins., and facilities for every kind of winter sport; Gstaad, where there are now a combined bus and sledge transport 6,400 ft. up the Homberg and a sledge-hoist up the Windspielen; Flims-Waldhaus on its sunny terrace at the foot of the Flimserstein, and Kandersteg, another admirable resort only eighteen hours' journey from London.

Hospenthal is ideal for ski-ing tours in the St. Gotthard region and Lenk can rest assured that it is not only a children's paradise but also an admirable place for people of all ages. Lenzerheide and Lenzerheider-See are both excellent for ski-ing and Pontresina, only a few minutes by rail from St. Moritz, is an especially good centre for tours in the Bernina district. In the Upper Engadine, Samaden is perhaps one of the most beautiful villages. Excellent as it is for sports it is also a delightful place for rest and recuperation. Scheidegg with its famous Lauterhorn slopes is another superb centre and has the advantage of perpetual snow and ice throughout the winter and the reputation of "Safeness."

Of all the curious names possessed by winter sports centres Unterwasser is surely the strangest. I have been unable to find out how it came by it. Certainly it is the very reverse of "submerged" at 4,300 ft.—except in snow. Apart from its amusing name the place is an ideal one for those who like something off the beaten track (it is near the Austrian frontier) and is at present in the main the resort of Swiss experts. At Villars I hear that the new funicular is in full working order and there is a new ski-hoist from Bretaye to Chaux-Ronde. These together with the sledge-lift, should increase the popularity of this already popular resort.



IN THE SHADOW OF THE MATTERHORN: Zermatt, the most southerly of the Swiss winter sports centres, rejoices in an abundance of sunshine and crisp snow

With Zermatt, ending at least alphabetically, I finish my list. It is strange to think that until a few years ago this now famous resort was almost entirely cut off from the outside world during the winter. Under the shadow of that wonderful mountain, the Matterhorn, Zermatt lies in incomparably beautiful surroundings. It is the most southerly of the Swiss resorts and rejoices in an abundance of sunshine and deep crisp snow. In the churchyard at Zermatt are the graves of Mr. Hadow, the Rev. Charles Hudson, and the guide, Michael Croz, who perished in 1865 on the Matterhorn, the peak that in the middle years of the last century was deemed to be well-nigh unconquerable and which even when scaled for the first time took tragic toll of its conquerors. Since 1865 the mountain has frequently been ascended from either side. Sometimes from Zermatt the ascent and descent have been completed in the space of one day, and women have accomplished it.

DOMINATED BY THE EIGER: Looking down on the ice rink from the nursery slopes at Mürren

Such are a few of the winter sports centres in Switzerland. Those who require further details before making their choice I would recommend to apply to the Swiss Federal Railways or to Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son whose *Winter Sports, 1937–38* is an invaluable publication not only as a guide but by reason also of the many hints it gives to intending visitors to the snow fields. Messrs. Cook are also the compilers of a traveller's handbook to Switzerland, a work packed with useful information of the kind sought after alike by beginners and experienced skiers.

H. F.

INFORMATION: Swiss Federal Railways and State Travel Bureau, 11-B Regent St., S.W.1, Railway Continental Enquiry Offices & Travel Agents.

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Information: Official Inquiry Office, Mürren (Switzerland)

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All information through: Official Inquiry Office, Wengen

THE CALL OF ITALY AND AUSTRIA

And Other Lands That Appeal Equally to the Ski-ing Enthusiast

ITALY.—An excellent guide to the Italian winter sports centres is published by E. N. I. T., the Italian State Tourist Department which is a mine of information. As mentioned elsewhere the Italian resorts are for the most part scattered along the great rough semicircle of the northern border where every Italian has a shining example of ski-prowess in the famous Alpini troops. Apart from these resorts there are Abetone within easy reach of Florence and several, including Terminello, Roccaraso, and Ovindoli close to Rome.

Of the Alpine resorts Sestriere is justly famous and is in surroundings of great beauty, Gressoney is high up and is a good starting point for tours to Monte Rosa. The valley of Aosta, where is the National Park of Gran Paradiso in which are moufflon and chamois herds, is certainly a lovely place in summer or winter and admirable for winter sports. Ponte di Legno is in the very centre of the Alpine chain and growing in popularity, and the Tonale group offer facilities for a variety of splendid runs. Above Venice there are a number of resorts. Among these Cortina d'Ampezzo is one of the best organised in Italy and Val Gardena has a season lasting from November till May. It is also within reach of several minor resorts.

DISASTER IN THE DIP: An amusing picture from Sestriere, the Italian winter sports centre

Austria.—Austria, of course, has of late years made tremendous strides in the winter sports line. By the Calais–Basle route the first stop in Austria is at Feldkirch, from which the Bregenzer Wald district is reached. Here at such places as Egg, Schoppernau, and Bödele there are excellent opportunities of winter sport. Nearby the Siloretta group is popular for tours at high altitudes in spring. The Arlberg district is now famous. It is the home of the Arlberg Technique and among the most popular resorts are St. Anton, St. Christoph, and Stuben. Between the Arlberg and Innsbruck are the recently "discovered" Ladis and Oberladis, and near Innsbruck are Igls and Seefeld, and a large number of other resorts.

Kitzbühel is now a household word and, just out of the Gastein valley, are St. Johann in Pongau, where there are some pleasant simple hotels and *Bischofshofen* in delightful surroundings. Salzburg and the Salzkammergut are excellent parts of the world for winter sports, and here are St. Gilgen, St. Wolfgang, Bad Aussee, and Hallstadt. Carinthia is a lovely province and in Mallnitz and Heiligenblut you will find easy ski-runs and pleasant expeditions. In Styria Turracher Höke is well recommended, and Mariazell is an important resort from which Vienna is easily reached. Admont and Schladming, both in the Enns Valley, are excellent centres for tours and the Hochschwab group nearby contain, among others, Prebichl, where there is good ski-ing.

For those who wish to combine a visit to Vienna with winter sports there are splendid facilities in the Vienna woods, and Payerbach-Reichenau is a very popular place with the Viennese. Semmering, two hours by train from Vienna, is another attractive place, and one of the latest additions to the place is the casino à la Monte Carlo.

Before I leave Austria I must mention Zell am Zee and its nearby villages between Innsbruck and Salzburg, one of the most popular winter sports districts in Austria; and from here a branch line will take you to points from which expeditions into the High Tauern Alps may be made and to Gerlosplatte, where one may ski well on into the spring. Innsbruck, which I mentioned in passing, is one of the best centres for winter sports in the country, being connected with a dozen or more places of merit. With Hofgastein and Bad Gastein, two places long famous for their mineral springs, but also for winter sports, I must conclude my notes on some of the many excellent resorts in this attractive country.

Germany.—One of the prettiest villages in the Black Forest is Schluchsee where there is going to be what promises to be an entertaining party, under the guidance of an experienced resident, run by Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son lately come into prominence as a winter sports resort and it is interesting to think that one may collide violently with Judas Iscariot. Also in the Black Forest is Freudenstadt one of Germany's most famous health and pleasure resorts and boasting the year's highest average of sunlight. Bad Harzburg is, as the name suggests, in the Harz mountains; I have

(Continued on page 346)

St. Moritz
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The Chelsea Arts Club Annual Ball will, as usual, be held at the Royal Albert Hall on New Year's Eve, Friday, December 31. The theme will be "Flaming Youth" and the setting is being designed by Professor Gerald Moira and the centre-piece by Charles Wheeler, A.R.A. Fancy dress is essential for men, but Venetian cloaks may be worn. The first issue of tickets is priced at 1½ guineas and these may be obtained from the Royal Albert Hall, the usual ticket agencies, and from G. Sherwood Foster, 15, Queen's Gate Terrace, London, S.W.7. Telephone, Western 5148.

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"On Armistice Sunday a special Service is always held in the Chapel at Bisley School (which is a branch of the above Society), when the names of Old Boys who gave their lives for their Country in the Great War are read out from the chancel steps. On this occasion there is always a full parade of Scouts and Cubs, and at the close of the Service, the whole School parades before the mural tablet at the East End of the Chapel and stands at the Salute as the wreath is placed there." This is a paragraph taken from the Society's recently published book, *Where Dreams Come True*, which is on sale at their Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2, price 2s. 6d., or by post 3s. *Where Dreams Come True* is an interesting record of the work the Society has carried on for ninety-five years. Please purchase a copy to help carry on this great work of maintaining and training 1,100 poor boys and girls.

A PRETTY AUTUMN WEDDING: Miss Patricia Wynne and Miss Diana Cooke, granddaughter of Sir Stenson Cooke, were the bridesmaids at the marriage of Miss Diana Kathleen Gentry (pictured at top) to Dr. L. R. Leask. The ceremony took place at All Souls, Langham Place

MORE PLACES IN THE SUN

(*Continued from page* 344)

heard of none meeting the white wolf lately; and if you want the best chance of catching a glimpse of the Führer then Berchtesgaden on the Austrian border must be your choice.

Czechoslovakia.—The line of winter sports resorts along the High Tatra Mountains offer infinite variety. Of these Strbske Pleso occupies a superb position and its slopes are particularly well adapted for ski-ing and tobogganing. Stary Smokovec is another well-managed resort at the foot of Schlagendorf peak, and at Spindleruv Mlyn in the Giant Mountains the season extends well into April.

INDIAN FILE IN THE AUSTRIAN SNOWS: A ski ing party climbing at Kitzbühel, that popular Tyrolean resort of winter sports enthusiasts

France. — Chamonix - Mont Blanc has become a favourite centre owing to the network of mountain railways which connect it with such well-known resorts as Col de Voza and Mégère, one of the most charming places in Upper Savoy. In the Vosges are Ballon d' Alsace and Le Markstein, both well spoken of; and Peira-Cava, 25 miles from Nice, has grand Riviera and Alpine scenery. In the Pyrenees, Font Romeu and Superbagnères are both high up and in glorious situations.

Norway, Sweden, Poland, and Canada. — Stalheim in Norway is in a wonderful situation overlooking the Naerodal and is open from Christmas till Easter. Since the completion of the Bergen railway many formerly remote places have become accessible and the home country of ski-ing is deserving of intelligent attention. In Sweden, Are has long ranked eminent as a winter sports centre and at Riksgränsen you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are 125 miles north of the Arctic circle. Dals-ed is the centre of winter sports in western Sweden and is easily reached from Oslo. In Poland one of the leading resorts is Zakopane in the Polish Carpathians and is notable for the many interesting trips to be taken in its vicinity. Krynica is the second winter sports centre in the country and Zywiec, which I defy anyone to pronounce, is delightfully placed in a circle of mountains. With Canada we come to some refreshingly easy names. At Quebec you may toboggan under the shadow of the great hotel and Banff is the famous centre for the Rocky Mountains. Canada is unique as the only place where you are likely to be able to race on skis with a (friendly) bear.

T. D.

IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE ON SALE NOW

THE MIRACLE MEN FROM OXFORD, *by Will Irwin*
AT THE ALTAR OF THE CHANCE GOD, *by C. Patrick Thompson*
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DOES IT PAY? *by Negley Farson*
Illustrated by J. Nicolson
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Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks
FASHIONS IN COLOUR, *by Jean Burnup*
SKILL ON SKIS, *by Audrey Wrangham*
IT WAITS FOR NO MAN
HEALTH AND BEAUTY, *by Chrysis*
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WOMAN'S TALK, *by Jean Burnup*
GLASS ABOUT THE HOUSE
SIX ROOMS OF CHARACTER, *by Winifred Lewis*
THE VOGUE IN FURNISHING, *by Baseden Butt*
BETTER COOKING, *by A. H. Adair*
GOOD BUYS OF THE MONTH
MOTORING SECTION: *Conducted by the Earl of Cardigan*
HOW THEY LIVE IN THE SOUTH OF INDIA, *by Henry Baerlin*
RADIO OUT-OF-DATE, *by Professor A. M. Low*
CAVE MEN OF THE KALAHARI, *by Lawrence G. Green*

Such an entertaining Magazine

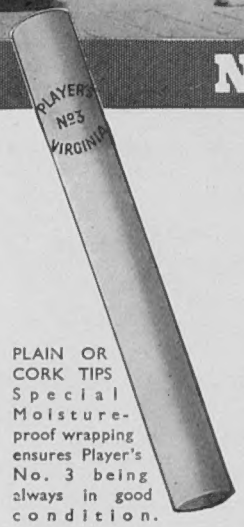
DECEMBER (CHRISTMAS) ISSUE WILL BE ON SALE NOV. 30

BRITANNIA AND EVE

NOTABLE NUMBERS

73 HIGH STREET, PORTSMOUTH—George Meredith, famous poet and novelist was born here on February 12th, 1828. His first poem was published July 4th, 1849. Some of his best known novels are the Ordeal of Richard Feverel, the Adventures of Harry Richmond and Diana of The Crossways.

Quality still counts to-day—and with smoking, the critical modern will do well to note *another* famous number, Player's No. 3. It denotes a cigarette—mellow, full of flavour, famous for its super excellent quality.



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Grindelwald.—**Bear Hotel.**—An up-to-date Hotel with an old tradition. Centre of social life. Moderate terms.

Grindelwald.—**Regina Hotel Alpenruhe.**—First class. Good value and personal attention. H. Bohren. Managing Propr.

Gurnigel.—**Grand Hotel.**—300 rooms. Bernese Oberland 4,000 ft. Ideal Wntr Spts centre, easy to reach, Pension from frs. 11. All Winter Sports.

Klosters-Parsenn.—**Sporthotel Silvretta.**—All winter sports. First class. 200 beds. Ski-lift. Please ask for booklet.

Klosters-Parsenn.—**Grand Hotel Vereina.**—1st class. Home of best English Society and Winter sports. Pension terms fr Frs 16 onward.

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Pontresina (Engadine).—
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The traditional English house.

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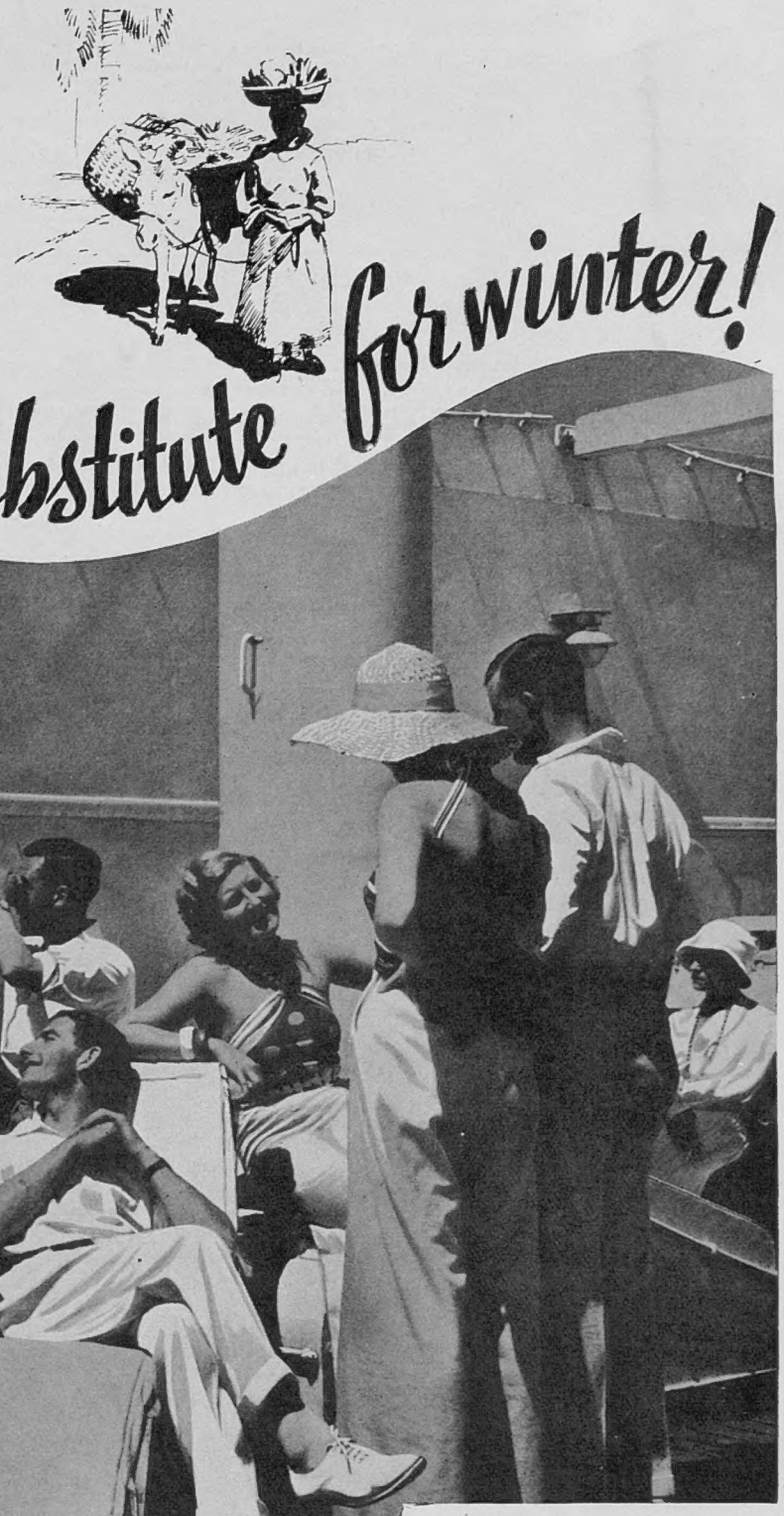

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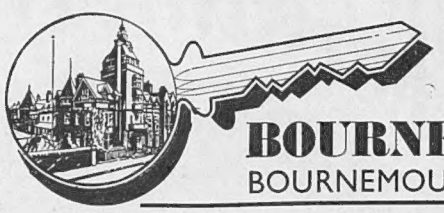

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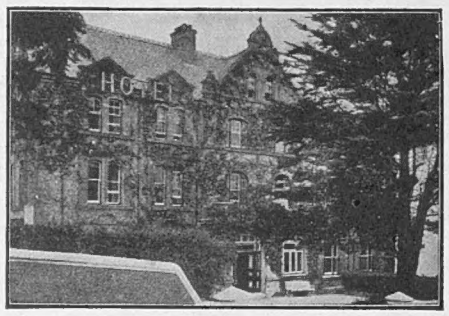

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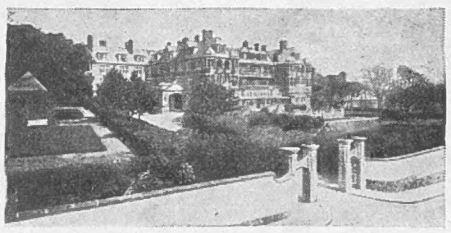
First-class, overlooking Sea, Marine Shelter.
Running water.
Radiators and open fireplaces in all Bedrooms.



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After a day's shopping or business you will come back to a peaceful atmosphere at this centrally heated, fully licensed hotel. Comfort in every detail in the bedrooms and lounges, good food and personal attention. Bridge. Billiards and Ballroom. 400 ft. up looking South on to the Downs. Inclusive terms from 4 gns.

SOUTHDOWN HALL HOTEL
THE DOWNS, WIMBLEDON. *Tel.: WIMbledon 0811-2*

In Quest of

To Turn Off Half a Mile is to Step Back

I HAVE recently been through one of those phases where I seem to have been "chained" to my office desk. Yet I must count myself more fortunate than many, for on several occasions I have succeeded in slipping my collar, and recently I scampered off to the Cotswolds. The road lies via Western Avenue, High Wycombe, and Oxford. En route I took the opportunity of looking in at one place which I quickly discovered was living on the reputation of a bygone age. The lounge-room waiter had the spots of the season on his tunic. The flowers were dead. There were the remnants of the night-before trade everywhere, and the climax came when the manager said he would not show me the bedrooms because they were the worst part of the hotel.

How refreshing it was to arrive in the old-world town of Burford, which fortunately — most fortunately — lies back away from the busy main Oxford–Cheltenham road.

To turn off half a mile by the Cotswold Gateway Hotel is to step back a hundred years. There were no signs of the multiple shop which has to-day made the shopping centres of our large towns look exactly alike. The individual trader reigns unperturbed. Here at Burford, butcher and baker combine with Church and inn in perpetuating the past.

At the crossroads, where the main road leads east and west and secondary roads go north and south, I paid a hurried visit to the Cotswold Gateway which is one of the classic examples of how an inn can rise with the coaching age, fall with the competition of the railway, and then rise again Phœnix-like.

In the short duration of my visit I spotted log fires in the public rooms, chairs which I dare not sit in for fear of dallying. A golf course with an excellent Club House immediately opposite the hotel, and practically next door riding stables, all of which will, I know, intrigue my frequent inquirers for a week-end hotel where jodhpurs and brogues take priority of place over boiled shirts and evening frocks.

I had intended to visit the Lamb in Burford—a famous inn—but cruising slowly down the steep High Street I spotted a 15th-century house with the familiar A.A. and R.A.C. signs and the words "The Corner House" displayed. So into this lovely old house carefully restored I ventured, introduced myself to the proprietors Mr. and Mrs. Roy Keniston, and came away as Mr. Pepys would have said "mightily pleased at my discovery."

It is as perfect a guest house as I have ever come across. "Would I like to see the kitchens first?"—an inquiry which always gives one encouragement for I invariably find that a spotless behind-the-scenes means excellence elsewhere.

Though I did not stop at the Corner

Business . . .

Those who come to London for exhibitions, conferences, meetings, and appointments will find that the Alexandra offers an incomparable situation for saving time and fares. Luxurious comfort and efficient service restore tired brains and weary bodies.
And very economical terms not only lower expenses but set a new standard in value for money.

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WINTER TERMS
REDUCTION 20%–25%
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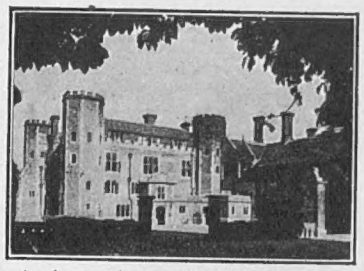

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Tennis, Squash Rackets, Billiards, Dances, car service to station—all free.
FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,361 yds.).
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*Telegrams: "Salubritas, **Bournemouth.**"*

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Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

at the Cotswold Gateway a Hundred Years

House for a meal, I feel pretty sure that this modernly equipped and charming old-world Cotswold house can provide those essential finishing touches which mean so much to the enjoyment of a holiday in the Cotswolds or elsewhere.

From Burford I paid a long promised visit to the Talbot Hotel at Stow-on-the-Wold, another famous old coaching inn which has been brought up to date without any ruthless destruction of its old-world charm.

I cannot do better here than quote from a SPHERE reader's letter written to me whilst staying there in August.

"Although in the middle of Stow Square the nights are undisturbed by traffic, the rooms are comfortable and the sitting-room ample even with a full house. The food is good and a most excellent waitress, who never keeps one waiting, becomes quite distressed if justice is not done to the entire menu. The hall man is an old servant, polite and ready to help in any capacity without being obsequious. The maids are pleasant and smiling, while our host and hostess did all they could to make our stay happy."

From Stow-on-the-Wold I meandered along to my destination, the Queen's at Cheltenham, one of the Honywood group of hotels. If you have ever stayed at any one of them you will be quick to appreciate the staff characteristics in dress. The male staff attired in the Honywood livery; the waitresses and maids in cherry coloured gowns and big mob caps with cherry ribbons, and all of them courteous, deft . . . and British.

Then too there are characteristics of furniture. Cosy lounges, with chintz covered chairs and large coal fires. Bedroom furniture which was made for its lasting qualities as well as for its looks, and beds which make getting up exceedingly difficult.

Here for a brief 3 days I led a Honeyed existence, and if I have one complaint to register it is to say that it was very tantalising of Lady Honywood to leave in my room a booklet entitled *Six Weeks at the Honywood Hotels;* though maybe perhaps one day I shall follow in the steps of my friend Sadie and stay at Batt's or the Washington in London; Balmer Lawn at Brockenhurst in the New Forest; the Angel at Cardiff; the Gloucester at Weymouth; the Raven, Shrewsbury; the Pump House, Llandrindod; the County at Malvern which, with the Queen's Cheltenham, constitute the Honywood group.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

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Special Diets if required

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Illustrated Brochure from the Manager.

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ROTTINGDEAN, BRIGHTON
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An Autumn holiday? Our flowers, our sunshine, and the comfort and amenities of our hotel should make St. Brelade's your choice. And for winter . . . the same equable climate, our sheltered situation, our wonderful outlook, our cooking . . . and our moderate terms make St. Brelade's the obvious haven from an English winter. Chapter and verse with pleasure from the Proprietor, A. Colley.

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Ascot.—The Berystede Hotel.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," West Parade.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Cornwall).—Welltown Manor. Tel.17
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Bournemouth.—Southcliffe Hotel. Tel. 7140.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Htl. Tel. 3574/5.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
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Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
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Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Haslemere(Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel.596
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Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14
Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn.338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Market Harborough.—Three Swans Inn.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Middleton-on-Sea,Susx.-Southdean-on-Sea Htl.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Padstow.—Metropole Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand.
Shrewsbury.—Mytton & Mermaid Htl., Atcham.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Boroughbridge, York (206).—Hotel Cottages.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl.Crook. AA.R.A.C.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Hotel Constance, 23-24, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner. Sloane 7111
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
S.Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

WALES

Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Hotel Metropole. Tel. 32.
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort).
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

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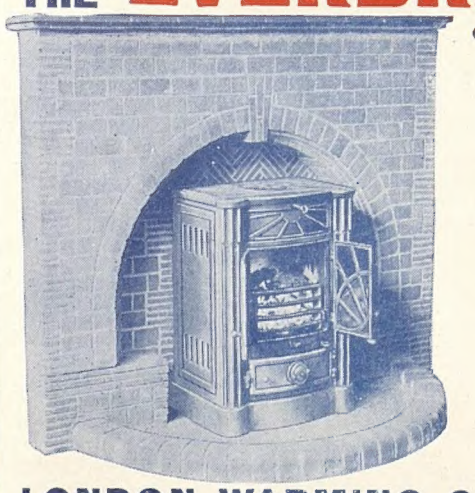

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